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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

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## REVIEWS.

## MR. DOBSON'S POETRY.

Collected Poems. By Austin Dobson.  
(Kegan Paul & Co.)

THE motto upon Mr. Dobson's new title-page is "Majores majora sonent." His preface runs:

"This volume comprises all the verses written by me during the last thirty years which—in my opinion—seem worthy of preservation. Even with these it is possible that I have occasionally been more indulgent to a personal memory than attentive to a critical instinct. But I am fully conscious of the limitations of the result attained, and the motto on my title-page is sincere. Let me here complete it:

"Mihi parva locuto  
Sufficit in vestras sæpe redire manus."

This is the modesty of a man who knows not only his powers, but his limitations. But excellent critic of his own work as he is, Mr. Dobson does not say everything. "Majores majora sonent?" True; but the greatest of them all never brought truer enthusiasm for letters or more careful workmanship to his task. Mr. Dobson never nods; never relinquishes the file till the last moment. And although greater things than those to be found in these pages have been said, yet in agreeableness Mr. Dobson's belong to the highest rank.

Agreeableness is, indeed, the dominant quality of Mr. Dobson's work, and there are occasions on which we would choose to read him before any poet. He is the most restful of singers: one can with him be so comfortable in a chair; he leads to so easy a relaxation of the risible muscles—the smile within the smile; he is so gentle and gentlemanly; so courteous; so amused and amusing; so whimsically sentimental; while, above all, he is a poet. Poets who also are witty are not common; but the poet whose wit is kindly and domestic is even more rare. Prior and Gay, Goldsmith and Hood, Præd and the late Frederick Locker-Lampson—these are Mr. Dobson's fore-runners; but he has something more than them all. His workmanship is more dexterous, his critical faculty is acuter, his

erudition is wider, his fancy is more mellow. Mr. Dobson has not so robust a humour as the author of "Retaliation," nor so agile an invention as Hood, he is less brilliant than Præd, and less spontaneous than Locker-Lampson; but there are many things in the volume before us that not one of these men could have written: "The Curé's Progress," for example, "The Secrets of the Heart," "The Idyll of the Carp," "The Dying of Tanneguy Du Bois," and one or two of the essays in old French forms. Here Mr. Dobson stands alone.

Look, for example, at "The Curé's Progress," which, though well-known, may always profitably be quoted again: it is so simple, so slight, and yet irresistibly charming and distinguished:

"Monsieur the Curé down the street  
Comes with his kind old face—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling  
hair,  
And his green umbrella-case.

"You may see him pass by the little 'Grande  
Place,'  
And the tiny 'Hôtel-de-Ville,'  
He smiles, as he goes, to the fleuriste Rose,  
And the pompier Théophile.

"He turns, as a rule, through the Marché cool,  
Where the noisy fish-wives call;  
And his compliment pays to the 'Belle Thérèse,'  
As she knits in her dusky stall.

"There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's  
shop,  
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,  
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes  
In his tails for a pain d'épice.

"There's a little dispute with a merchant of  
fruit,  
Who is said to be heterodox,  
That will ended be with a 'Ma foi, oui!'  
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

"There is also a word that no one heard  
To the furrier's daughter Lou;  
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,  
And a 'Bon Dieu garde M'sieu!

"But a grander way for the Sous-Préfet,  
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;  
And a mock 'off-hat' to the Notary's cat,  
And a nod to the Sacristan:

"For ever through life the Curé goes  
With a smile on his kind old face—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling  
hair,  
And his green umbrella-case."

This is both poem and picture. The curé is a visible, almost tangible influence. "Majores majora sonent," assuredly; but in its way this smaller thing is perfect. Our private theory has always been that Mr. Dobson, were he more ambitious, might himself achieve something greater. Now and then one chances in his poems on a passage betokening finer gifts of imagination than he usually employs. In "The Dying of Tanneguy Du Bois," for example, are these lines:

"Yes, now with me all dreams are done, I  
wean,  
Grown faint and unremembered; voices call  
High up, like misty warders dimly seen,  
Moving at morn on some Burgundian  
wall."

The simile is in the grand manner, and the march of syllables is splendidly resolute;

and in "The Idyll of the Carp" we find this delicately harmonious passage:

"Why, that's my good chambellan, with his  
seal—  
A kind old man!—he carves me orange-peel  
In quaint devices at refection hours,  
Equips my sweet-pouch, brings me morning  
flowers,  
Or chirrups madrigals with old, sweet words,  
Such as men loved when people wooed like  
birds,  
And spoke the true note first."

The last three lines are in Mr. Dobson's best vein. He is always best when he looks back—"Ah, but the back-look, lingering, for old sake's sake!" His panacea for troubles in our own day is to recollect (or invent) kindlier days that are dead. He has the old world point of view. Look how completely he has insinuated himself into the skin of Goldsmith in this postscript to "Retaliation," which takes the form of an epitaph on Johnson. We quote the opening lines:

"Here Johnson is laid. Have a care how you  
walk;  
If he stir in his sleep, in his sleep he will talk.  
Ye gods! how he talk'd! What a torrent of  
sound  
His hearers invaded, encompass'd and—  
drown'd!  
What a banquet of memory, fact, illustration,  
In that innings-for-one that he call'd con-  
versation!  
Can't you hear his sonorous 'Why, no, sir!'  
and 'Stay, sir!  
Your premiss is wrong,' or 'You don't see  
your way, sir!'  
How he silenc'd a prig, or a slipshod  
romancer!  
How he pounc'd on a fool with a knock-me-  
down answer!

"But peace to his slumbers! Tho' rough in  
the rind,  
The heart of the giant was gentle and kind:  
What signifies now, if in bouts with a friend,  
When his pistol miss'd fire, he would use the  
butt-end?  
If he trampled your flow'rs, like a bull in a  
garden,  
What matter for that? He was sure to ask  
pardon;  
And you felt on the whole, tho' he'd toss'd  
you and gor'd you,  
It was something, at least, that he had not  
ignor'd you."

It is the very manner of Goldsmith. This piece, by the way, is one of the most important of the additions, which are only too few. On the other hand, Mr. Dobson has made not many omissions. We miss "The Jessamy Bride," a charming poem in honour of Goldsmith and Goldsmith's Miss Horneck; but our other old favourites are all here. There are changes of arrangement, all, we think, for the better. "In After Days," for instance, now serves as epilogue.

Among the poems which are new to us are two rondeaux, a form of verse in which Mr. Dobson is now the only active artificer. Among all the experimentalists who some years ago played with the rondeau and ballade, the triolet and villanelle, none so mastered the theory of the art as he did. Mr. Lang and Mr. Henley have written more ballades, but they have never excelled the "Pompador's Fan," the "Armada," and "Imitation" ("The man who plants

cabbages imitates, too!") in this volume. Mr. Henley made the rondeau an obedient servant, instead of the perverse master it is in the hands of most rhymesters, but his tendency, like Mr. Swinburne's with the rondel, was to ask it to do too much. Mr. Dobson knows exactly what the form is capable of, and demands no more. As specimens of his skill with the rondeau we may quote the following. This is called "Léal Souvenir":

"For old sake's sake!" 'Twere hard to choose

Words fitter for an old-world Muse  
Than these, that in their cadence bring  
Faint fragrance of the posy-ring,  
And charms that rustic lovers use.

"The long day lengthens, and we lose  
The first pale flush, the morning hues—  
Ah! but the back-look, lingering,  
For old sake's sake!"

"That we retain. Though Time refuse  
To lift the veil on forward views,  
Despot in most, he is not king  
Of those kind memories that cling  
Around his travelled avenues  
For old sake's sake!"

And the other is "A Greeting," addressed presumably to a friend in America:

"But once or twice we met, touched hands,  
To-day between us both expands  
A waste of tumbling waters wide—  
A waste by me as yet untried,  
Vague with the doubt of unknown lands.

"Time like a despot speeds his sands:  
A year he blots, a day he brands;  
We walked, we walked by Tham's side  
But once or twice.

"What makes a friend? What filmy strands  
Are these that turn to iron bands?  
What knot is this so firmly tied  
That nought but Fate can now divide?  
Ah, these are things one understands  
But once or twice!"

Despite the rigidity of their laws and restrictions of space, these two experiments are compact of true poetry.

Although it is convenient to have all Mr. Dobson's poems in a single volume, we cannot consider that the decision not to reprint the two little books which until now have shared them is a happy one. Prettier books than these—*Old World Idylls* and *At the Sign of the Lyre*—do not exist, and they might very well have enjoyed a longer life. As it is, Mr. Dobson's new readers are destined never to possess the exquisite frontispieces by Mr. E. A. Abbey, nor Mr. Alfred Parsons's dainty colophon. Instead, they are offered a portrait of the poet, which, though of course interesting, is less in harmony. Nor is the size of this single embrative volume the ideal one for such pieces. "A dear and dumpy twelve" is higher the perfect form in which to possess these lyrics and their companions. We hope that the publishers will think better of their intention to issue the earlier volumes no more. And Mr. Dobson's threat to cease singing must also be reconsidered. In some new verses, addressed "To One who Bids Me Sing," he says:

"You ask a 'many-winter'd' Bard,  
Where hides his old vocation?  
I'll give—the answer is not hard—  
A classic explanation.

"'Immortal' though he be, he still,  
Tithonus-like, grows older,  
While she, his Muse of Pin-tus Hill,  
Still bares a youthful shoulder.

"Could that too-sprightly Nymph but leave  
Her ageless grace and beauty,  
They might, betwixt them both, achieve  
A hymn *de Senectute*;

"But She—She can't grow gray; and so  
Her slave, whose hairs are falling,  
Must e'en his Doric flute forego,  
And seek some graver calling—

"Not ill-content to stand aside,  
To yield to minstrels fitter,  
His singing-rob, his singing-pride,  
His fancies sweet—and bitter!"

This must not be! Mr. Dobson must add many poems to his store. One could so easily enumerate a dozen bards whose silence would be more acceptable.

### MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS.

*The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*  
Edited, with Biographical Additions, by  
Frederick G. Kenyon. With portraits.  
2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

MR. KENYON finds it necessary to defend the publication of Mrs. Browning's letters, but it is a work of supererogation. No objection was ever made by either Mr. or Mrs. Browning to publication after their death; and in Mrs. Browning's case it is peculiarly a just debt to literary history. We have a right to know as much as may be known about the greatest English poetess. Mr. Kenyon has, perhaps, erred on the side of printing too much, or, rather, printing the letters too much as they stand—a method which involves repetition as well as a good deal of comparatively uninteresting and uninforming detail. But these volumes remain for us at present the only substitute for a regular biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and they will form the mine out of which subsequent and shorter and more critical biographies must be dug. To the historian of English poetry they will be invaluable; and to us, to whom the memory of the Brownings is still fresh, they are full of new lights and new beauties.

The greatest English poetess! Such is Mrs. Browning's claim, not to be challenged even by the right admirers of a cloistral genius like Christina Rossetti. The author of *Aurora Leigh*, the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* (so-named, as we now learn, at Mr. Browning's suggestion, instead of *Sonnet-Translated from the Bosnian*)—"Casa Guidi Windows," "Wine of Cyprus," "The Cry of the Children," and the rest, is, indeed, not merely to be counted poet by comparison with the English women who have written verse. Miss Barrett herself appreciated the lack of compliment involved in the word "poetess." She wrote in 1845:

"It is a strong impression with me that previous to Joanna Baillie there was no such thing in England as a poetess. Where is our poetess before Joanna Baillie—poetess in the true sense? Lady Winchelsea had an eye, as Wordsworth found out; but the Duchess of

Newcastle had more poetry in her than Lady Winchelsea. It has long been a 'fact,' to my view of the matter, that Joanna Baillie is the first female poet in all senses in England."

Well, we do not think so much of Joanna Baillie now; and Miss Eliza Cook has had her day, and Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L. are fading into the dark. But though Mrs. Browning wrote much that will not live, there remains, after all deductions, a certain body of work in her six volumes imperishable for its beauty and truth and strength, and entitling her to rank with the greatest of our English poets.

Not very much that is new is to be learnt from the letters as to the position of the poems; but that is because the information contained in them has already been drawn upon. Love for the classics and for Wordsworth seem to have been the earliest influences. On the latter point this extract from a letter in 1843 is interesting. It represents her classification of herself among the "blind admirers" of Wordsworth:

"His spirit has worked a good work, and has freed into the capacity of work other noble spirits. He took the initiative in a great poetic movement, and is not only to be praised for what he has done, but for what he has helped his age to do. For the rest, Byron has more passion and intensity, Shelley more fancy and music, Coleridge could see further into the unseen, and not one of those poets has insulted his own genius by the production of whole poems, such as I could name of Wordsworth's, the vulgarity of which is childish, and the childishness vulgar. Still the wings of his genius are wide enough to cast a shadow over its feet, and our gratitude should be stronger than our critical acumen. Yes, I will be a blind admirer of Wordsworth. I will shut my eyes and be blind. Better so, than see too well for the thankfulness which is his due from me."

"Apollo taught him under the laurel, while all the Muses looked through the boughs"—is a phrase she applies to Wordsworth elsewhere. And she enjoys telling the story of Wordsworth going to Court, and the young Queen being quite "fluttered" at seeing him:

"She had not a word to say," said Mrs. Jameson, who came to see me the other day and complained of the omission as 'unqueenly'; but I disagreed with her, and thought the being 'fluttered' the highest compliment. She told me that a short time ago the Queen confessed she never had read Wordsworth, on which a Maid of Honour observed, 'That is a pity, he would do your Majesty a great deal of good.'"

*Inter alia* we learn about the "Cry of the Children," that (in answer to a complaint against the rhythm) "the first stanza came into my head in a hurricane, and I was obliged to make the other stanzas like it—that is the whole mystery of the iniquity." "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was hastily finished from a ballad "lying by" in 1844, in order to fill up the first of her two volumes of poems, then on the point of publication; the second volume being found by Mr. Moxon, the publisher, to be seventy pages longer than the first; "I did so by writing—i.e., composing, one hundred and forty lines last Saturday! I seemed to be in a dream all day! Long lines too—with fifteen syllables in each!" Miss Barrett also



gives her friend, Mr. Boyd, this interesting explanation of the rhymes in "Wine of Cyprus," which include such curious specimens as *silence* and *islands*, *panther* and *saunter*, *Bion* and *undying*, *Nazianzen* and *glancing*.

"I have a theory about double rhymes for which I shall be attacked by the critics, but which I could justify perhaps on high authority, or at least analogy. These volumes of mine have more double rhymes than any two books of English poems that ever to my knowledge were printed; I mean of English poems, *not comic*. Now of double rhymes in use, which are perfect rhymes, you are aware how few there are, and yet you are also aware of what an admirable effect in making a rhythm various and vigorous double rhyming is in English poetry. Therefore, I have used a certain license; and after much thoughtful study of the Elizabethan writers, have ventured it with the public. And do you tell me—you who object to the use of a different vowel in a double rhyme—why you rhyme (as everybody does, without blame from everybody) 'given' to 'heaven,' when you object to my rhyming 'remember' to 'chamber'? The analogy is all on my side, and I believe that the spirit of the English language is also."

Mrs. Browning's literary and political judgments, both on men and things, are not invariably unimpeachable. But they always have a strong personal interest. She was inclined, as is common with physically weak women, to worship strength and will. She owned to "an immoral sympathy with power." Possibly that accounts for her unbroken love for her father, who behaved like a brute to her, or, rather, as an ex-West Indian planter and slave-owner might have been expected to behave in anti-slavery fiction. At any rate, her belief in the Emperor Louis Napoleon inspires the greater half of the letters in the second volume; and her bitterness against England during the Italian crisis of 1859 is more a protest against inaction than anything else. It all reminds us very forcibly of the recent Phil-Hellenic outbursts. Apart from her worship of her husband, Mrs. Browning's other principal enthusiasms, as revealed in these letters, were for Tennyson and George Sand. Of Tennyson she wrote in 1843: "He is one of God's singers, whether he knows it or does not know it." And this is a delightful sketch (in 1855):

"One of the pleasantest things which has happened to us is the coming down on us of the Laureate, who, being in London for three or four days, spent two of them with us, dined with us, smoked with us, opened his heart to us (and the second bottle of port), and ended by reading 'Maud' through from end to end, and going away at half-past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, he would certainly have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidence, and unexampled naïveté! Think of his stopping in 'Maud' every now and then—'There's a wonderful touch! That's very tender. How beautiful that is!' Yes, and it was wonderful, tender, beautiful, and he read exquisitely, in a voice like an organ, rather music than speech."

By the way, Mrs. Browning's own choice for the laureateship on Wordsworth's death was not Tennyson, who "could wait," but Leigh Hunt. She thought the office must in any case be kept up, "for Spenser's sake."

With George Sand—of whom she wrote, in 1845, "if Madame Dudevant is not the first female genius of any country or age, I really do not know who is"—Mrs. Browning became personally acquainted when staying in Paris in 1852. Her descriptions of the great Frenchwoman are very vivid, but too long to quote. "I did not love her," she says, after the first meeting, "but I felt the burning soul through all that quietness, and was not disappointed in George Sand."

But, of course, one wants chiefly to hear what Mrs. Browning may have fresh to say about her husband. Most of the information, however, in these letters has already become public property. We have, indeed, for the first time the whole story of their romantic elopement and marriage, told in the long letter to Mrs. Martin (vol. i., pp. 286-297), but the essential facts are not new, though Mrs. Browning's own account is deeply moving and precious. What is more novel is our ability now to trace in the earlier letters her first allusions to the man whom afterwards she was to marry, and whom she knew so well in all but bodily presence for years before he insisted on her receiving him. Take this passage, for instance, from a letter of 1843, referring to an adverse criticism on the "Dramatic Lyrics," which charged Browning with taking pleasure in being enigmatical:

"There is truth on both sides, but it seems to me hard truth on Browning. I do assure you I never saw him in my life—do not know him even by correspondence—and yet, whether through fellow-feeling for Eleusinian mysteries, or whether through the more generous motive of appreciation of his powers, I am very sensitive to the thousand and one stripes with which the assembly of critics doth expound its vocation over him. The truth is, it is easier to find a more faultless writer than a poet of equal genius. Don't let us fall into the category of the sons of Noah. Noah was once drunk, indeed, but once he built the ark."

Her first letter from Browning, in 1845, excites this mention in a letter to Mrs. Marten: "I had a letter from Browning the poet last night, which threw me into ecstasies—Browning, the author of 'Paracelsus,' and king of the mystics." And later in the year she criticises his "Sphinxiness" as follows:

"The fault is certainly great, and the disadvantage scarcely calculable, it is so great. He cuts his language into bits, and one has to join them together, as young children do their dissected maps, in order to make any meaning at all, and to study hard before one can do it. . . . The consequence is that he is not read except in a peculiar circle very strait and narrow. He will not die, because the principle of life is in him, but he will not live the warm summer life which is permitted to many of very inferior faculties, because he does not come out into the sun."

A very large amount of space in these letters is devoted to chatter about "Penini," their boy's pet-name, and to spiritualism, in which Mrs. Browning, in spite of her husband, was a believer. There is not very much permanent public interest in either of these subjects; but they form signs of character, partly charming, partly pathetic, and, in any case, altogether human, and appealing to the common loves and weak-

nesses of mortality. Altogether, a fine and beautiful character, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, that "lyric love, half angel, and half bird":

"Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,  
And sang a kindred soul out to his face—  
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart."

Hers was an unutterably sad, unutterably happy life, and in both aspects it was felt all through to the very finger-tips. The letters, written without thought of publicity, give a curiously simple, affectionate, lovable picture of her rich personality.

#### FOR CHILDREN.

*A Book of Verses for Children.* Compiled by Edward Verrall Lucas. (Grant Richards.)

MR. LUCAS's collection is serious, humorous, ironical, and (for boys) heroic and prospective. The humour makes, perhaps, the most conspicuous part of this delightful volume—perhaps only because some instinct takes the reader to that section first; but all moods are well represented, and the variety is excellent. The character of the anthology is quite distinct. Poetry books compiled for children have been often made up from books not originally written for children; poetry written for the grown-up world has been searched for pieces that might be intelligible and interesting also to the child: Coventry Patmore's *Child's Garland*, Mr. Palgrave's *Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry*, Mr. Henley's *Lyra Heroica*, and the *Poet's Walk* (especially for boys) are a few of the well-known and well-loved examples of this kind of collection. On the other hand, there are poems addressed especially to childish readers, and treating of childish things, such as Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal volume, and the queer, queer little books of Elizabeth Turner and Anne and Jane Taylor, which have retained, it seems, an almost Goblin-like immortality of their own; at intervals they re-appear, to disconcert and to amuse; they are grotesque and grave. There is hardly a parent that will not thank Mr. Lucas for the opportunity of reading to the children of to-day the "Cautionary Tales" that his or her grand father took seriously when the nineteenth century was in frills. Stevenson, Dr. Watts, the Misses Taylor, "Lewis Carroll," and a hundred more were authors for children; Mr. Lucas is their anthologist, and it is from their books—books written for children and about children—that he chiefly gathers his pieces. There might even be the light shadow of a fault to be found in the fact that the examples of other books for children have rather led him to overstep the boundaries he seemed to have set himself, and to give a page or two to "Young Lochinvar," a song originally sung by a grown-up—indeed, a very well-grown—lady to an audience keenly alive to the fact that they were her contemporaries. In addition to this, there are a few grown-up sea-songs, poaching-songs, and poems of action and adventure; but these have generally some special point of attraction for the boy;

and perhaps there is hardly anything in the volume which our pleasure in this individual and unique collection would wish away except "Lochinvar." Perhaps it was put in for the prospective interest of the girls; still, the book might have been content to lack it. So it might have been as well, let us add, without Mrs. Norton's "Arab Steed"—for a different reason. "Lochinvar" was a song for a grown-up audience, which children have been admitted to join; Mrs. Norton's poem was written for the grown-up, and they now reject it, and leave it for children. Mr. Lucas's collection is not precisely concerned with either. The querulousness of this single criticism may be taken as a sign of the success with which Mr. Lucas has defined and generally observed his own distinctive plan.

He has gone into the by-ways. From an audacious poem, dated 1500, we learn with astonishment that even at that remote day the Naughty Boy was respected, that a heart beat in sympathy with him in the ranks of the grown-up, and that his just aspirations even then were "voiced," as they say now. "I would my master were a hare," says the early poet in his behalf, "and I myself a jolly hunter." These are things we should not have guessed; in fact, it was only with the dull days of Anne and Jane Taylor that the Cautionary Tale became so implacable, and the naughty boy, the naughty girl, and the honestly and humanly adventurous girl did so "catch it." Elizabeth Turner and Anne and Jane Taylor did not, it need hardly be said, use any such phrase as that; retribution followed on their adventures of the young, with the most sententious propriety. See *George and the Chimney-Sweep*, *False Alarms*, *Playing with Fire*, and other Cautionary Tales. True, it may be said that the poetess is not to be charged with cruelty, the facts themselves being cruel, and the setting on fire of a little frisking child being the work of natural law and not of the Misses Taylor. That is true enough; and it is not by the stories told in their verses that we are so struck with astonishment—indeed, we should owe them thanks, in the name of humanity, for the cautions they administer, and doubtless, for the accidents those cautions have averted; it is not the incidents we protest against, but the indescribably glib manner of the telling. The rhymes of these ladies are particularly inexorable; and of their style—which makes one blink—this is a specimen:

"Maria had an aunt at Leeds,  
For whom she worked a purse of beads;  
'Twas neatly done, by all allowed,  
And praise soon made her vain and proud.

"Her mother, willing to repress  
This strong conceit of cleverness,  
Said 'I will show you, if you please,  
A honeycomb, the work of bees.

"Yes, look within the hive, and then  
Examine well your purse again;  
Compare your merits, and you will  
Admit the insects' greater skill."

Or take the lyric beginning, with a dreadful flow of anapests,

"Mamma, dear mamma," cried in haste Mary Anne,  
As into the parlour she eagerly ran."

Is this the best way of introducing children to rhythmic literature? Opinions will vary; and they varied much and most emphatically when Lear took up the writing of verse for children in succession to Jane and Anne Taylor:

"The Pobble who has no toes,  
Had once as many as we;  
When they said, 'Some day you may lose them all,'

He replied, 'Fish fiddle-de-dee!'  
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink  
Lavender water tinged with pink;  
For she said, 'The world in general knows  
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes.'

The Pobble swam fast and well,  
And when boats or ships came near him,  
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,  
So that all the world could hear him.  
And all the sailors and admirals cried,  
When they saw him nearing the further side,  
'He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's  
Runcible cat with crimson whiskers.'

An anthology that includes this and Cautionary Tales, and, having closed the adventures of Mary Anne in the parlour, follows those of the Pobble upon those unknown seas, is as comprehensive as heart could wish. By the way, how fine is the versification of Lear's verse just quoted! We are not sure that a child should be led, even in burlesque verse, to believe that Jobiska rhymes with whisker; but as to musical distribution of syllables, faultless accents, and unchecked movement, no child could have his ear tuned better than by Lear. For an equal perfection of rhythm we should have to search the verse of negroes.

Between the "Cautionary Tale" and the "Nonsense Verse" there is a middle way which—unlike middle ways in general in modern estimation—is golden indeed. In this is the work, it need hardly be said, of Robert Louis Stevenson—verse of which the sweet mock-commonplace is as much irony as a child can perfectly enjoy, while the fancy does not outrun the child's pleasure. It may be said that the enthusiasm for *A Child's Garden of Verses* is the parent's rather than the child's; and if so, why, then, the problem of choosing for children is one that is not to be solved. How is it that memory does not settle the question? Perhaps because children are really very diffident of any opinion of their own; we in our adult days are unable to take the definite attitude in retrospection which we did not take at the time. In our childish age we passively listened to much that was supposed to interest us, and never quite realised that it did not. Hence vague impressions in our remembrances. Mr. Lucas, then, has done wisely to take a great latitude of choice.

A division of his subjects contains poems of the Open Air, and instructs the child in the signs of the skies—for example, in the aspects of the moon by the poetic quatrain of Christina Rossetti:

"O Lady-moon, your horns point to the East.  
Shine—be increased!  
O Lady-moon, your horns point to the West.  
Wane—be at rest!

A Christmas group is particularly well chosen, rather from older song than from modern hollies and Christmas wishes. Birds,

Dogs, and Horses have their appropriate singers, so has a certain amount of natural and unnatural history. The literal child, who is not rare, has plenty to read, and need not blush for his taste. Take it for all in all, there could not be a better collection.

## THE BLESSED REFORMATION.

*The Church of England before the Reformation.*  
By Dyson Hague. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE two tempers represented by the terms Evangelical and Catholic are not necessarily exclusive one of the other. In its more sober moments each party comes near to a compromise. The Evangelical does, in fact, acquiesce in the bonds by which he is joined to others of a like faith with his own; to the representative of *Whitaker's Almanack* he confesses himself a member of the Established Church, a Baptist, a Wesleyan or a Congregationalist; and the Roman Catholic theologian is familiar with the distinction between the soul of the Church and its body. In the history of controversy, however, these concessions are frequently lost sight of, and the fight wages round the question whether "visible" or "invisible" is the epithet more appropriate to the Church as conceived in the mind of its Divine Founder.

These remarks are suggested by our pondering of *The Church of England before the Reformation*. The volume is introduced by Dr. Moule, of Ridley Hall, Cambridge. It needs not to be expressly pointed out to which of the above schools the author belongs, and the wonder is to find a clergyman of this way of thinking who can trouble himself about the subject of this essay. For it is obvious that the ecclesiastical continuity about which the conflict is loudest concerns neither him nor such as upon religious matters share his mind.

In this country there are to-day two associations of persons who, believing in the Divine institution of a visible church, protest that the communions to which they respectively belong are the lineal representatives of the church of Augustine and of Gregory. At Ebbsfleet, and elsewhere, they have of late republished their claims. On the spot where the Roman missionaries landed Anglican prelates in their scores have lately given their testimony. On the same historic ground the parish priest of St. Gregory's on the Coelian, styled also archbishop of Westminster, assisted by certain suffragans of his province, has solemnly celebrated the rites of the Roman Church. The Church of Arles, whence Augustine received his episcopal orders, sent greetings and representatives. Noble ecclesiastics wearing the sacred purple fell orientally upon each other's neck, and before the eyes of an admiring laity exchanged fraternal kisses. And the purpose of it all has been to convince a sceptical and indifferent world (which has to attend to strikes, tariffs, the new wrinkles in Venus, and the outbreak on the Indian frontier) that the one and not the other is



the true and proper representative of that shadowy figure. Now what has the ex-dean of Wycliffe College, Toronto, to do with all this? To be frank, not very much. And yet what he has to repeat was worth repeating, if only he could have observed due measure in his repetition. Incidentally, too, his work is marred by over-indulgence in a kind of Scriptural vituperation that now and then becomes lyrical, by a desperate confusion of terms when his subject-matter makes a demand upon his slender acquaintance with Roman Catholic theology, and by the defects of an argumentative method that is almost pathetic in its combination of muddle-headedness and transparent good faith. It is for these reasons that his violent declamation against the enormities of the sacerdotal or sacramental system suggests a trouncing with a feather; while his serious references to the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer and certain passages in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion make the nineteenth-century reader rub his eyes and wonder whether he has lighted upon a hitherto unknown writer of the century of Parker and Jewel. A consideration, however, of the literary style will effectually reassure him.

It will be obvious that to a writer of Mr. Hague's school and temperament, to one who in compiling what purports to be a history is careful to assert in every other paragraph that he allows no appeal but to Holy Scripture, and who in every one of his 389 pages gives an example, more or less striking, of a method and spirit altogether alien from the historical, the issue of his inquiries is profoundly insignificant. He gives away freely to the Popish enemy all that the more scientific defenders of the Church of England have sought laboriously to win in the last fifty years. In vain has it been attempted to minimise the effect of Augustine's mission, in vain to show his comparative independence of the Pope who sent him. It is to no purpose that Freeman, Bright, Stubbs, and many another have thrown a lurid light upon the assertions here and there of a spirit of rebellion on the part of the English clergy and people between the eleventh and the fifteenth century. All this is thrown away upon the former dean of Wycliffe College, Toronto. With a light-heartedness that will surprise friend and enemy alike, he concedes the utmost that Lingard or Dom Aidan Gasquet can assert as to the intimacy of the union of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* with the Holy Roman Church, the absolute character of its dependence upon the Apostolic See, the perfect identity of doctrine and discipline that was established. For the continuity which he would set up is of so evasive a character that a gap extending over centuries cannot affect it, and no change in liturgical forms and professions of faith can constitute a breach.

And if only the character of his hypothetical continuity were a trifle more palpable, it would be a serviceable substitute for that doctrinal and organic continuity of an independent national church which the Bishop of London, for example, champions. For the protests and acts of insubordination to which reference has been

made were usually traceable to motives of self-interest which, however justifiable, make no more for the hypothesis they are called upon to buttress than for the dignity of history. It is unhappily true that some of the pontiffs who sat in the Chair of Peter, from the days of Hildebrand till, as a consequence of the great revolt against their authority, the nature of their jurisdiction had been minimised and their powers delimited, have used the prestige which was accorded them in so generous a measure rather for the enrichment of their own coffers than for the good of the Christian Church. Under the heads of annates, Peter's pence, reservations, expectantiae, commendae, and a dozen others, vast sums crossed sea and land to the Roman exchequer. It is probable that the record of these extortions would vex the soul of none more than of a modern Roman Catholic, who, as an Englishman and a son of the Church, lies under a double sense of injury. Again, as the most prudent and thrifty class of the community, and therefore the wealthiest—as the most peaceable, and therefore the most open to attack—the clergy offered an unfailing source of revenue to their royal master. Against his exactions their only appeal was to the Throne of the Fisherman, and when the Holy Father compelled them to pay for his good offices, the only resource was the sheltering wing of the sovereign who fleeced them at home. But, as it is well pointed out by Mr. Hague, this root of the final rebellion against the Papacy should be distinguished from the revolt against the system of theology which he calls Popery.

Popery is primitive Christianity plus developments or accretions. All the difference between Papist and Protestant lies in the choice of the word. And of the whole body of sacramental doctrine which in the Middle Ages was deemed essential to true religion, the most prominent feature was the dogma which by an anachronism, anticipating the final definition of Trent, we may call transubstantiation. A correlative of this was the teaching that in the service of the Mass the sacrifice of Calvary was perpetually continued (not repeated, as our author recklessly reiterates); and by way of a practical corollary there had grown up in the ascetic atmosphere of the age a sense that the minister called by Heaven to so sacred a service should abstain from marriage. A Protestant may further conceive that this regulation of clerical celibacy, to whatever extent in certain times and in the case of individuals it may have been irregularly mitigated, would tend to stiffen in the conviction of their official dignity those who were bound by it, and to drive them to seek in the exaltation of their order some compensation for the enforced severity of their lives. However that may be, the doctrine of the Mass and of the Real Presence and the law of clerical celibacy were felt by that harbinger of the Reformation, the Rev. John Wycliffe, to stand together. "He was," writes Mr. Hague in the language appropriate to Wycliffe College, "the first of all Catholic Churchmen to discern the falsity of Rome's doctrinal position, and to boldly proclaim

the truth as it is in Jesus." It is impossible to read without a smile Mr. Hague's account of his hero's argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation: "A man who studied the Gospels and read the Epistles of the New Testament . . . could not long hold the Roman teaching. . . . The two were irreconcilable." There is a short way to deal with the argument from Holy Scripture. Equally clear and convincing is the Canadian professor's version of Wycliffe's metaphysical refutation:

"It is utterly unphilosophical and unreasonable to say that the piece of bread can look the same, and weigh the same, and taste the same, and smell the same, and yet not be bread at all, but something else than bread. The thing is impossible."

Mr. Hague probably means that it is unthinkable. If he had any familiar acquaintance with the distinctions of scholastic philosophy, of which he gives us no ground for suspecting him, he might find himself called upon to modify this opinion.

From Wycliffe's time onwards these two streams of tendency were running side by side and increasing in volume—the national spirit of protest against the dominion and exactions of the Papacy; the revolt of reason against that system of Catholic dogma and practice which, for convenience sake, we may here style Popery. The statutes of Provisors and *Praemunire* mark the progress of the one; the Act of Supremacy crowned it. The other brought within the reach of the vulgar the vernacular Bible, evolved the Book of Common Prayer from the Breviary and Missal, formulated the Thirty-nine Articles, and culminated in the Act of Uniformity. The settlement thus effected has endured three hundred years, and has spread with the Anglo-Saxon race. Also by a process of fission it has brought into the world innumerable offspring. But what shall be the end of it, no man may even plausibly conjecture.

#### SKETCHES AND STORIES.

*Certain Personal Matters.* By H. G. Wells. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

*An Attic in Bohemia.* By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Elkin Matthews.)

*Within Sound of Great Tom: Stories of Modern Oxford.* (B. H. Blackwell.)

*Chronicles of the Parish of Taxwood.* By J. R. Macduff, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

*The Happy Exile.* Edited by H. D. Lowry. With Six Etchings by E. Philip Pimlott. (John Lane.)

*Odd Stories.* By Frances Forbes-Robertson. (Constable.)

MR. H. G. WELLS is a writer pre-eminently gifted with humour and imagination, and these qualities always make him a pleasant man to read. His new volume, *Certain Personal Matters*, is a collection of short articles and sketches contributed to various newspapers. Unlike most fugitive writings of this kind, they rather gain than other-

wise by being collected into a volume. In too many cases the kind of journalistic facility which enables a man to turn out amusing sketches for an evening paper is fatal to the production of more ambitious work, while the sketches themselves, though agreeable enough in the columns of a newspaper, are too disconnected and too unsubstantial, to make a satisfactory book. Mr. Wells's sketches are of a different order, and though they cannot, of course, rank with the *Wonderful Visit*, *The Invisible Man*, and the rest of his more elaborate efforts, no one can reasonably regret that he should have thought it worth while to republish them in volume form. Many of them show extraordinary cleverness in handling trifling themes, and even in their most extravagant moments they present us with delightful surprises in the way of good sense and good humour. "The Trouble of Life" is a charming piece of inverted Philosophy, full of ironical shrewdness and humour. "In a Literary Household" deals with an old theme, but we have rarely seen it turned to better account. Altogether, *Certain Personal Matters* is a very pleasant book, which will be read with pleasure by all who like a droll and fanciful treatment of the commonplace things of life.

*An Attie in Bohemia*, Mr. Lacon Watson's new book, is a volume of sketches not unlike Mr. Wells's. Here we have something of the same humorous presentment of commonplace things, the same fancy and imagination, the same kindly good-humoured view of life. Mr. Watson's work is, perhaps, more graceful than Mr. Wells's, but the humour is quieter. His philosophy betrays an occasional tinge of sadness, and though his laughter is never bitter it is occasionally dashed with pathos. There is a touch of Mr. Barrie about him, not the Mr. Barrie of *Thru the Keyhole* and *The Little Minister*, but the Mr. Barrie of *My Lady Nicotine*. There is a certain continuity in the sketches contained in the book, and Mr. Watson has touched in the various characters which reappear in it with considerable felicity. His "Bohemia" is a very delightful place, a Bohemia which lives in one of the old Inns with a hydraulic engineer and a journalist for neighbours, whose wants are served by a laundress with an appreciation of the ridiculous, a Bohemia which lies late abed and scorns domesticity. This Bohemia is a land that has been a good deal exploited from time to time by writers of all sorts and descriptions, and there is nothing very new to be said about it, but Mr. Watson contrives to invest it with just that touch of "charm" which makes even trivial things interesting. *An Attie in Bohemia* is an excellent book to amuse an idle hour, and deserves to be read.

It is a curious fact, and one which has often, no doubt, been remarked, that no good work of fiction is ever produced about the two Universities. Possibly their interests are so special and peculiar to themselves, so removed from the struggle for existence, the strifes and ambitions, and the general give and take of ordinary life, that it is not possible to make a book out of them. Mr. Benson's novel, *The Babe*, B.A., is, perhaps, the best attempt that has been made of late,

and, no doubt for that reason, the *Babe* had a success which its intrinsic merits did not altogether deserve. *Within Sound of Great Tom* is an unsuccessful attempt in the same direction, and the result, we are bound to say, is a dull book. It is a collection of stories purporting to deal with Oxford and Oxford life. All the familiar figures are in it—the married fellow, the unpopular dean, the athletic undergraduate, and the rest. A bonfire is lit, bumps are made in the "Eights," and a junior fellow is "screwed up." The result, unhappily, does not do justice to these materials—or else the materials themselves are not particularly exhilarating in fiction, though not unamusing in actual life. The "adorable dreamer whose heart has been so romantic," as Matthew Arnold called Oxford, still waits for the novelist who can faithfully paint her.

Dr. Macduff's *Chronicles of the Parish of Tazewood*, we are told in an "Editor's Note," are a republication of *The Parish of Tazewood*, which appeared many years ago. "They contain the record, and reflect the lights and shadows, of Scottish parochial life in a bygone generation." Perhaps we have had too many books "reflecting the lights and shadows of Scottish parochial life" of late years, and are somewhat weary of the subject. Suffice it that Dr. Macduff's book will not, we imagine, be very interesting to Southrons, though it may be popular north of the Tweed.

The distinctive note of Mr. Lowry's new volume of sketches is his passionate love of the country. Every page is instinct with the joy of rustic sights and sounds, the fresh green grasses of springtime and the azure summer sea. The particular county of his idolatry is, of course, Cornwall, the delectable Duchy beloved of Mr. Quiller-Couch, and he describes its people and the scenes in which they move with whole-hearted sympathy and often with rare felicity of expression. Sometimes, indeed, this expression of the yearning of one compelled to live in London for the distant moorlands of the West Country is almost painful in its intensity, like the despairing cry of the prisoner in his cell for the free light and air which he can imagine but may not reach. Mr. Lowry has a good deal of the poet in his composition, and his feeling for Nature and his keen appreciation of her in all her moods evokes an answering thrill in the heart of the reader as only a poet's can. His style will perhaps be criticised by some as artificial and mannered, and it may be admitted that he belongs to the Stevenson school in his careful choice of phrase, his occasional hints of archaism, and his fastidious avoidance of what is hackneyed or obvious in language. Indeed, the last of the sketches—by no means the worst in the volume—called "New Year's Eve," is very near akin to Stevenson in matter and manner. This, however, does not mean that Mr. Lowry is a mere imitator. On the contrary, his note is quite individual and distinctive even when his style is most reminiscent of another, and his point of view is essentially his own. There are many delightful passages of description in this volume, many charming touches of char-

acter, with just a sufficiency of incident to give coherence to the various sketches which it contains. Most of them appeared originally in the columns of one or other of the weekly reviews or in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. E. Philip Pimlott has provided six charming etchings to illustrate the text. Any jaded Londoner who wants a breath of country air and cannot leave town would do well to read Mr. Lowry's book. We have rarely come across a more refreshing volume.

Miss Forbes-Robertson writes with evident care, and there is a certain bright daintiness about her style that is distinctly pleasing; but surely the subject-matter again and again fails to reward the pains lavished on it. Nor does one learn for the first time that what sparkles in the ephemeral journal will not always endure the dignities of a book and the proximity of its like. The two stories that please us most are "St. Aphilon's Dome" and "Eric of Tolquhon." The Fathers of St. Aphilon's, a lazy, greedy lot, built a great dome to the church of their patron saint out of the offerings of the faithful. A storm blew down the dome, and once more the Fathers extorted the money to replace it from the reluctant purses of the poor they neglected. But the work moved slowly, for day after day lead or copper was stolen from the roof, and the spoiler escaped. At last a rumour got abroad that the metal was stripped off at night by one who wore the habit of the order. Perturbed, the Fathers set a watch.

"Three of us will go—we will take our bedsteads. The one on watch shall wake the others."

"So the four-posted bedsteads were duly hoisted, and the three divines tucked in their respective eiderdowns."

Towards midnight they awoke at the sound of hammering, and possessed suddenly by fear, waited awhile before peeping over the bedclothes to the place from whence the sound came. When they did, however, a strange sight rose before their eyes, and each would have thought he was dreaming, but that the others were likewise enthralled, staring at the spectacle before them. There indeed laboured a priest of the Order, but a halo radiated about his head, and as he turned they recognised the countenance of the blessed St. Aphilon, their founder and patron saint. He was tearing down the sheets of newly-laid copper, and placing them on a barrow. Near him stood, in wondrous robes of azure, like the heavens of the early morning, Mary, *Regina Pauperum*. "And will it be St. Aphilon's own?" echoed the sound of a little voice into one of the humbled priests' ears. What was his own he might give to his poor: what he gave to his poor he gave to his Master."

"Eric of Tolquhon" is likewise an allegory, very simply and tenderly written. It shows Miss Forbes-Robertson, we think, at her best; and for another like it we would gladly exchange half-a-dozen of her cleverer and more commonplace stories.

#### A TUSCAN TRAGEDY.

*Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera*. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. (Roma: Modes & Mendel.)

SIGNOR D'ANNUNZIO is known as one of the foremost of living Italian authors, a lyrical



poet, the writer of a richly coloured and musical prose, and to some extent the founder of a school. This *Dream of a Spring Morning* is a little dramatic sketch in five scenes, reprinted from a new review, the *Italia*. It can hardly be called a drama, for there is no action, and the issue is left undecided.

The scene is in the *loggia* of an old Tuscan villa, with a garden and wood beyond. In the villa live two noble sisters, Donna Isabella and Donna Beatrice. Isabella's lover was stabbed to death in her arms, and had ebbed out his life while close locked in her embrace. Since then she has been mad, haunted by the terror of that night, seeing and feeling blood everywhere, around her and upon her, in the redness of the rose, in the brilliance of a scarlet insect, and in the berries of the wood through which she wanders clothed in green as the Spring. Beatrice, her devoted sister, who, together with an old servant and a doctor, watches over her, is like a slighter sketch of Anatolia in *Le Vergini delle Rocce*; while a lighter element is afforded by the love-idyll of Simonetta and the gardener, Panfilo, whose improvised song floats in at intervals from the wood. Into "this cloister inhabited by madness and sorrow" enters Virginio, the brother of the murdered man. He, too, had secretly loved Isabella, and now comes, ardent in his immense love, in the vague dream that on this spring morning it may be possible to somehow bring her back to life. The situation is further complicated by the evident love of Beatrice for Virginio.

The experiment fails, the dream of the spring morning passes away. When at length *la demente* recognises Virginio, all the horror falls once more upon her. In a paroxysm of agony she lives over again the whole of that terrible night, until strength is exhausted, and she is left feebly smiling over the wreath she has made for Beatrice. The whole of this last scene is written with intense tragic power and genuine dramatic imagination.

Coleridge has said: "In every attempt at representing madness throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere lightheadedness." But here, too, there is surely "the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression." Nevertheless, the naked tragedy is so covered over with flowers that their aroma clouds the senses and suggests the existence of some allegorical meaning beneath the surface, as was partly the case with the *Vergini delle Rocce*: "Una finzione che significherà cose grandi." The lilies of the valley ring silvery bells in the air; one red rose has escaped the vigilance of the gardener and blossomed a *tradimento* among the white roses which alone may be suffered to meet Donna Isabella's eyes; the poppies must be anticipated by mowing the meadow, for their advent is so rapid that they break out suddenly in the grass like fire: "Essi scoppiano subitamente nell'erba come fuochi impetuosi." This little play, while affording an exquisite example of d'Annunzio's style, resembles his last romance, the *Vergini delle Rocce*, in being entirely free from the studied obscenity of the *Piacere* and *Trionfo della Morte*.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Australian Fairy Tales.* By Atha Westbury. Illustrated by A. J. Johnson. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

A FAIRY tale needs no justification save that it be a good one. It is not improved, for instance, by the suggestion of allegory; on the contrary, it was a growing consciousness of its ethical significance that first dulled the glamour of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The merit of the tale lies precisely in its power to win an imaginative credence of incidents discredited by experience, or even inconsistent with the laws of thought. The style most apt to favour this end is shown by experience to be simple; and if at times we forego the demand for simplicity, we ask at least for homogeneity: that it should not waver between the magniloquence of the halfpenny evening newspaper and the baldness of a child's first reading-book. Also good heed should be taken lest by any flagrant offence against the laws of syntax a stumbling-block should be laid for the feet of the little ones.

Of these elementary requirements there is not in this collection of stories—so far, at least, as we have had the patience to examine it—one which even begins to meet with fulfilment; nor of the faults to which we have alluded is there any with which Miss (?) Atha Westbury's pages are not crowded. Her stories are ethical, or, rather, pseudo-ethical; the fancy is conventional and quite uncontagious; the style combines the pretentious verbosity of journalese with reckless grammatical inaccuracy. Thus:

"Roland's spirit quailed within him at the thought. In the dim twilight he saw the boat had entered an enormous cavern where a dense wall of black rock, or rather boulders, were piled in wild disorder one above the other, and terminating in a flat roof of the same description."

Of the illustrations, the worst—and the best—that can be said is, that they conspire with the printer's art to produce an expectation that a study of the text must disappoint.

*The Savage Club Papers.* Edited by J. E. Muddock. Art Editor, Herbert Johnson. (Hutchinson.)

SAID the members of the Savage Club one evening: "Let us play at making a book." "And I," quoth Mr. Muddock, "shall be editor and write a modest preface." So all the members went home and searched their drawers for contributions with which to furnish it forth. And Mr. Arthur Morrison sent in "One More Unfortunate," which, though very slight and quite without distinction, is the best item in the contents; and Mr. Coulson Kernahan sent "Dogged," a Jeromesque fantasy, which Mr. J. F. Sullivan has illustrated with a certain humour; and the editor furnished "A Terrible Bandit," a story based upon the familiar situation in which two honest men suspect each the other for a thief. Mr.

Walter Rowley sent an old Fifth Form essay on "Shakespearean Ballads and Songs"; and Mr. Henty forwarded a tale of conventional heroism. Three members have revelled in reminiscences of Royalty. Naval and military Savages have taken the opportunity to practise journalism and fight their battles over again in print; and Mr. Edward Draper has contributed a rather amusing hypothesis to the Gunpowder Plot controversy, which we respectfully commend to the consideration of Prof. Gardiner and of Father Gerard, S.J. Of the art contributions, which upon the whole reach a higher level than the literature, M. Paul Renouard's sketch of Sir Henry Irving is quite clever; indeed, it is worth all the rest. One of Oliver Pague's illustrations of the doggerel entitled "A Warning to Dramatists" shows a sense of character. There is humour and drawing in Mr. W. Ralston's illustration of "The Disappointed Centenarian" infirmly swinging his clubs and surrounded by the instruments of the hygienic cult. And the picture of "A Frolicsome Savage," upon p. 25, has amused us very much. It must be confessed that the volume is, upon the whole, a little disappointing, more particularly when measured by the hope expressed in the preface, that it will "meet with a warm welcome wherever the English language is spoken and the Club known—that is, practically, the wide world over."

*The Tenth Island.* By Beckles Willson. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir William Whiteway, K.C.M.G., and some Remarks on Newfoundland and the Navy by Lord Charles Beresford, C.B. (Grant Richards.)

MR. BECKLES WILLSON has done his work very well. The volume is written in a spirited journalese, and if it fails to stir up in the public heart an interest in Newfoundland—the Cinderella of the colonies, who, somewhat lean and ragged as yet, "sits patiently in her corner of a hemisphere"—then to stir up an interest is not within the power of merely terrestrial paper and print. It stirred us also to a restlessness that subsided only upon the timely recollection that we were neither versed in the art of cod-fishing nor patient of the hardships that beset the hunter of "swiles"; that we were not furnished with plant for the working of asbestos, nickel, iron, lead, or gold; that we were without practical experience as railway contractors or agriculturists. But, as matters stand for the moment, the quickest road to fortune would seem to run by way of French naturalisation and the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, ceded, in a fit of sleepy magnanimity, by a British Government to the French, and held by the latter with a tenacity of prideful sentiment that sticks at no sacrifice to secure prosperity for this remnant of the French empire in the New World. St. Pierre is the thorn in Cinderella's side. As a convenient centre of the smuggling interest it robs her of a large proportion of her revenue; by the aid of a wild system of bounties it undersells her fishermen in the open market; in virtue of concession after

concession its handful of inhabitants occupy a coastline of over five hundred miles, and so aggressively and so pertinaciously do they press their fishing rights as, in fact, to occupy the better half of the island. Of the inhabitants of Newfoundland Mr. Napier speaks as a hardy, simple, and intensely parochial-minded race, loyal to the core, primitive in their lives, and using a hybrid dialect of Scots-Irish.

"THE VOYAGE OF BRAN."—Vol. II.: *The Celtic Doctrine of Re-birth*. By Alfred Nutt. (Grimm Library: David Nutt.)

THE first volume of this important folk-lore study, published a year or two ago, contained the text and a translation of the "Voyage of Bran" by Prof. Kuno Meyer, and an elaborate essay by Mr. Nutt upon the Irish conception of the "Happy Other-world." In the second instalment Mr. Nutt approaches the second mythical conception contained in the legend—that of the "Re-incarnation of Finn." After a careful discussion of this myth and of various Celtic parallels, he attempts to combine the results of his two lines of research in some speculations as to the nature of the primitive stratum of belief to which the legend bears evidence, and the way in which this stratum was modified—first, by the natural development of society; and, secondly, by the intrusive force of Christianity. The conclusions arrived at are further enforced by comparison with the mythology of that Aryan people which Mr. Nutt believes to have most affinities with the Celts—the Greeks—and also by comparison with the living fairy belief of the modern Irish. Mr. Nutt deals with much highly speculative matter, through which only a specialist could with safety follow him. But, if you think him at times a little rash in his inferences, he is always ingenious and frequently convincing. Whether the main structure of his theory meets with ultimate acceptance or not, the incidental discussions, in which the book is so rich, will certainly long remain of the utmost value to every student of folk-lore.

*The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men*. By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE author of this budget prints on his title-page these words of Lord Beaconsfield: "The world has always been fond of personal details respecting men who have been celebrated." That is frank, and not less so is the prefatory remark: "Shelley's amours, for instance, are known to many who have never read even his 'Ode to the Skylark.'" The question, "Should Authors Marry?" is considered in one chapter, and a delicious title is "The Love Affairs of Prose Writers, Continued." We like the story of Mrs. Scott on which our glance falls. Jeffrey dined with the Scotts on the very day that he had "slated" "Marmion." Mrs. Scott was all politeness until Jeffrey left, when she fired this shot at him: "Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey, day tell me you have abused Scott in *de Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it."

*Hawthorne's First Diary*. Edited by Samuel T. Pickard. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

WE have rarely seen a more flagrant piece of unnecessary bookmaking than confronts us here. The volume consists of 115 pages, of which the extracts from the journal occupy fewer than fifty. The rest is Mr. Pickard, who offers us dull facts about the boy Hawthorne's associates, and a mass of totally superfluous information. When we add that the diary itself is incomplete, that its genuineness is doubted, and that Mr. Julian Hawthorne declined to "infect it on the reader" in his Life of his father, we have said enough.

*My Fourth Tour in Western Australia*. By Albert F. Calvert. (W. Heinemann.)

"It is not without considerable misgivings that I venture," says the author, "to place before the public another volume upon Western Australia." "My hesitation," he adds, "in the present instance arises not from fear of arousing dormant hostilities, but solely out of consideration for my friends." When we say that Mr. Calvert's book weighs 5lbs. 2oz., his reluctance will be understood. The volume contributes nothing to literature.

*Old Samoa*. By the Rev. John B. Stair. (R. T. S.)

THE full title is longer—*Old Samoa; or, Flotsam and Jetsam from the Pacific Ocean*—and there is an introduction by the Bishop of Ballarat. Mr. Stair's researches among the customs and myths of Samoa were made in pre-Stevensonian days. Few amateur ethnologists are more engaging than he.

*Guide to South Africa*. (Sampson Low.)

THIS hand-book has an interest for the adventurous Englishman, for it annually affords a very complete view, in a compressed form, of the history, topography, commercial conditions, and opportunities for settling and for sport in South Africa. It is a book which may well bring home to untravelled persons the magnitude and complexity of our possessions and interests in that part of the world.

#### NEW EDITIONS.

*Mansfield Park*. By Jane Austen. (Macmillan & Co.)

WITH *Mansfield Park* Messrs. Macmillan's reprints of Jane Austen's works (saving only two fragments, of which Messrs. Bentley hold the copyright) are complete. Five out of the six novels have been illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson, whose drawings are found in the volume before us. They are delightful little pen-pictures with not an unclean line in them all, and they will recommend the novels to many. But we do not think that those who are sealed of the tribe of Jane Austen want her stories illustrated. Who that knows Ann Elliot can accept any presentment of her, however well conceived? Jane Austen's art cannot be aided.

*Newton Forster*. By Capt. Marryat. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. DAVID HANNAY's knowledge of Capt. Marryat and his books is encyclopaedic.

He now edits *Newton Forster*, one of the least read of Marryat's books. This story appeared in 1832, and, says Mr. Hannay, "belongs to his first period of freedom on shore, and it must be acknowledged to be none the better on that account." Indeed, Marryat told his reader flippantly in his preface: "You may understand that I continue to write, as Tony Lumpkin says, not to please my good-natured friends, but because I can't bear to disappoint myself." Writing in this mood Capt. Marryat produced a book which added nothing to his fame. Posterity generously reprints it, but with the warning: "The reader must skip freely." Mr. E. J. Sullivan illustrates the book well.

"TEMPLE CLASSICS."—*The Critic*. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

MESSRS. DENT's series goes rippling on, and now we have Sheridan's *Critic*, with an introduction by Mr. George A. Aitken. "There is the usual story of Sheridan's procrastination," says Mr. Aitken. "Two days before the play was to be produced the last scene was unfinished, and it was only by inveigling Sheridan into the green-room, where there was a fire, wine and supper, stationery, and the incomplete MS., and then locking him in, that he was brought to finish the work."

*Selections from the Works of De Quincey* (Simpkin Marshall.)

DE QUINCEY is an author who may properly be presented in extracts. No one wants all that he wrote; many people want a little. In this "Selection," the choice of pieces is good, though we should have substituted the story of "The Avenger," complete, for a fragment of "The Spanish Military Nun." Among the other pieces are "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts" and "From the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." By the way, the English of the unsigned introduction to this volume would have driven De Quincey, who had the sense of words, to take an abnormally large dose of his drug.

*The Book of Common Prayer*. With Historical Notes by Rev. Jas. Cornford, M.A.

A PRAYER BOOK, which is more suitable for home reading than for Church use, is issued by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode. It is a Prayer Book and a history of the Prayer Book in one, the historical matter being supplied by the editor. Chronological tables and texts of Acts of Parliament, including the Act of Uniformity, are given.

#### NOVELS REDRESSED.

NEW editions, each in single-volume form, reach us of Mr. Marion Crawford's *Casa Braccio* (Macmillan & Co.), Mr. H. Seton Merriman's *The Grey Lady* (Smith, Elder & Co.), Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella* (Smith, Elder & Co.), Mr. F. W. Robinson's *Young Nim* (Hurst & Blackett), M. Zola's *L'Assommoir*, which now figures in Mr. E. A. Vizetelly's new translation as *The Dram-Shop* (Chatto & Windus), and Surtees's *Handley Cross*, with Leech's illustrations, in two volumes (Lawrence & Bullen).



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

WE repeat that novel readers cannot complain that their wants are overlooked. Twenty-four new works of fiction have come under our notice during the past week. They are catalogued below. May the authors of them meet with their deserts!

#### THE BETH BOOK.

By SARAH GRAND.

To-day Mme. Sarah Grand breaks a four years' silence. Beth (Father liked Elizabeth—Mother preferred the diminutive—Mother won) was a woman of genius—at least, so the title-page says. She was also a handful, judging from a cursory glance through the many, many closely printed pages. The forepart of the book contains no fewer than three instalments of Great Thoughts—one is from Emerson, and this is the last sentence: "Women are the best index of the coming hour." How the heart of the author of *The Beth Book* must have glowed when that Great Thought met her. To end—"Beth was a fine instrument, sensitive to touch, and a woman with a wide range"—and so on. (Heinemann. 527 pp. 6s.)

#### CORLEONE.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

A rarity nowadays—a two-volume novel. Readers who remember *Sant' Ilario* and *Saracinesca* are bound, if they were interested in those stories, to read *Corleone*, for it is by way of being a sequel. Mr. Crawford's last novel touched divorce rather heavily: here he is his romantic self again and in Sicily. (Macmillan & Co. 336 and 341 pp. 12s.)

#### A FIERY ORDEAL.

By "TASMA."

This is a story of an unhappy marriage, with a Tasmanian background, by the lady whose real name was Mme. Auguste Couvreur, and whose death on the 23rd ult. has been generally noticed. James Fenton, the drunken, feckless tenant of a little dairy farm at Tarooma, must meet a bill promptly or go under, and he has taken it into his head that only his wife can soften the heart of his creditor. Will she go? She does, and on the way meets by accident the money-lender's son, with whom she is instantly in sympathy. Tired of her husband and tired of Tarooma, Ruth Fenton is yet a loyal woman; and in her conflict and its issue lies the story. (Richard Bentley & Son. 350 pp. 6s.)

#### THE SINNER.

By "RITA."

Those who like what is pleasant rather than what is probable will enjoy the opening chapters of this story. The patient and hospital nurse situation is worked again for all it is worth; and the rich uncle from Colorado arrives in the nick of time. In its later chapters the story becomes sensational and painful. Indeed, it concerns the poisoning by a doctor of his wife. Nellie Nugent, the pretty heroine, is his wife's nurse, and her observations of what goes on occupy many chapters. (Hutchinson & Co. 357 pp. 6s.)

#### THE MISSIONARY SHERIFF.

By OCTAVE THANET.

Six short stories, with Sheriff Wickliff—"a plain man who tried to do his duty"—as the hero of each. He does a good deal more than his duty by Joe Paisley, a young scapegrace, whose gaoler he is. Wickliff believes there is "such a thing as clubbing a man half-way decent," and he means to return the young fellow to his mother so transformed that she shall never know that he has disgraced his record at the Sunday-school. Joe dies in the gaol, and in the arms of his mother, who is saved all knowledge of the truth by the Sheriff's noble lies and deceptions. (Harper & Brothers. 248 pp.)

#### THE THREE DISGRACES.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

After the title may be observed a little "Etc.," which will baulk readers of the expected long story by the too reticent author of *Dear Lady Disdain* and *Miss Misanthrope*. Compared with these studies in flippant femininity, what is *A History of our own Times*? The volume before us consists of six short stories—quiet, urbane, and softly frivolous. They are very slight, hardly more than an hour's reading. (Chatto & Windus. 250 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### FOR LOVE OF A BEDOUIN MAID.

By LE VOLEUR.

This story comes at the back of the Napoleon revival, of which, for English people, the most interesting development was "Madame Sans-Gêne." Once quit of the introduction, which tells the old story of the discovered MS., we plump direct upon the City of Paris in the year 1797, and the story breaks off just after Waterloo. It is full of movement and sensation—indeed, to serious historians of the period it may be rather too startling. The author's name suggests plagiarism; but we find none. There are pictures. (Hutchinson & Co. 444 pp. 6s.)

#### TALES FROM THE VELD.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Mr. Glanville has written in *The Fossicker* a romance of Mashonaland. Here, again, South Africa provides a background. "Old Abe" is a character—"one of those men who would walk ten miles to set a trap without a murmur, while he thought himself badly used if he were called upon to hoe a row in the mealie-field." Such men are born to talk and to exaggerate, and Abe does both consummately. His story of the baboon that lit the fire, plucked a fowl, and put it in the pot is typical, as also his yarn of the snake that poisoned a tree with its bite. The author professes to give, with due deductions for Abe's gift of imagination, a faithful picture of a tract of country rich in incidents of warfare and full of Kaffir folk-lore. (Chatto & Windus. 305 pp.)

#### STORIES AND PLAY STORIES.

By VIOLET HUNT, AND OTHERS.

This volume contains about twenty short stories, reprinted from *Chapman's Magazine*. They do not call for other remark than that they are bright "society" or country-life stories by such writers as the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker, Lady Ridley, Mr. Joseph Strange, and Mr. Bulkeley Cresswell. (Chapman & Hall. 304 pp. 6s.)

#### UNDER THE DRAGON THRONE.

By L. T. MEADE AND  
ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

At a time when two Chinese plays are running in London, these stories should find readers. They sketch the lives of English men and women in Chinese treaty ports, and inland. The first, "Richard Maitland, Consul," is concerned with the strange adventures and perils which befell that gentleman at the inland port of Ch'angyang. The juxtaposition of English and Chinese characters is piquant. (Gardner, Darton & Co. 297 pp. 6s.)

#### JOHN ROYSTON.

By W. G. WRIGHTSON.

This is history tickled into fiction. Mr. Wrightson is descended from an old Teesdale family, and in an introductory chapter he shows us to his old house, his old furniture, his bundle of wills and marriage settlements, and packets of letters reaching back into the times of the Civil War. It is to the Civil War that the story belongs, and Charles I., and Laud, and Strafford, and Montrose, and Vane, and Fairfax, are introduced. The story is but history as it affects the Roystons; but there is plenty of clever characterisation and dialogue, and the book is an interesting product of the North-country. (Newcastle-on-Tyne: Mawson, Swan & Morgan. 408 pp.)

## THE BARN STORMERS.

By C. N. WILLIAMSON.

The title gives us the subject—strolling-players. The little company toured in America. The humours of their life are told with vivacity, and the central figure, Monica, has much charm. The sentimental part of the story is less persuasive: millionaires, however, even while one disbelieves in them, are always attractive, and there is a good but love-sick one here. The book is bright and brisk. (Hutchinson & Co. 354 pp. 6s.)

## A SINLESS SINNER.

By MARY H. TENNYSON.

Miss Tennyson has written *A Cruel Dilemma*, and other stories. We hope they have less to do with cruelty and dilemmas than this one. We are introduced to a wretched family, in which the question of prolonging the life of one out of four children by sending the child to Dover breeds bitter disagreement between father and mother. The developments are such that we shudder to look through the story. We do not think that the poisoning of a little girl by her sister, even in a warped state of mind, is an incident which a writer, not being a genius, ought to approach. (John Macqueen. 396 pp.)

## MADEMOISELLE BAYARD.

By JOHN AUDLEY.

An incredibly silly story of a lost diamond necklace. (The Roxburghe Press. 204 pp. 2s. 6d.)

## IN YEARS OF TRANSITION.

By SAMUEL GORDON.

The story of Camille Clairmont, a young fellow starting life in Paris without a sou or a friend; with nothing but a brave, sound heart, that even the pickpockets among whom he fell, and the stone-breakers with whom he worked, could appreciate. The descriptions of low life in Paris are strong without being coarse; and the writing is excellent. The incident, for instance, of Camille's attempt to kill a calf for his second employer, a butcher, and his vanquishment when the animal eyed him, is not overdone by a word. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 364 pp. 6s.)

## A LIMITED SUCCESS.

By SARAH PITT.

The story of a young Dissenting minister, the Rev. Oswald Trent, who is newly promoted to a rich chapel and is entering a more brilliant social circle, dragging the dead weight of a respectable but commonplace engagement. Kate Craven, the daughter of Craven, M.P., of Cotehester, is a very different style of young woman from Alice Chadwick, the daughter of Trent's former landlady at Millgate. The story lies in that difference. And, for relief, what better than Trent's sister, just widowed, and bringing home from the Antipodes a breezy wit and freedom of manner quite unsuitable in a minister's sister? In the end things get straightened out as much as they ever do in real life. (Cassell & Co. 332 pp. 6s.)

## THE CARSTAIRS OF CASTLE CRAIG.

By HENRY CARMICHAEL.

This book belongs to the Archive School of fiction, as it might be called; that is to say, it is a story based on a supposititious diary or MS. This particular work is described as "A Chronicle, edited from the Notes of John Ffoulke Carstairs, Esq." The Carstairs were Irish, but Mr. Henry Carmichael dates his preface from Richmond, Va. The story pivots on a will. An irascible major lends it piquancy. (Sampson Low & Co. 351 pp. 6s.)

## MARGARET FORSTER.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

A preface by Mrs. Sala tells the story of this novel. It was written by way of relaxation after more uncongenial work during the day; and the author donned a lounge jacket of velvet, faced with smart moiré silk, in which to write it. People who like Mr. Sala's roundabout methods and hesitancy in coming to the point will like *Margaret Forster*, which is a worthy successor to *The Seven Sons of Mammon*, *Quite Alone*, and *The Baddington Peerage*. (T. Fisher Unwin. 367 pp. 6s.)

## GEORGE STIRLING'S HERITAGE.

By MALCOLM STARK.

"A Story of Chequered Love" is the promising sub-title. All novels should, of course, be stories of chequered love. Also it is Scotch. "Oh, but love is bonnie," says some one. So it is. Some one else says, "Ah, it's no sic a bad world efter a'. When we think things are a' gaun wrang we are cheered by something that makes us think they're a' gaun richt." (Skeffington & Son. 316 pp. 6s.)

## A KNIGHT OF THE NETS.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

A quiet, pathetic story of fisher folk in Fife, by the author of *Jan Vedder's Wife*. Mrs. Barr has laid the scene of some recent stories in America: she here returns to Scotland. (Hutchinson & Co. 314 pp. 6s.)

## LIFE IN AFRIKANDERLAND.

By "CIOS."

"Cios" hates England, and has learned English in order to be able to say so in this book, whereof part is fiction and part politics. Some would, no doubt, say it is all fiction. "Cios" says his account of the Raid is true in every particular, and the publishers say that the book will be useful. For ourselves, we cannot read a story with such chapter headings as "History of la Rhodes" and "The Folly of C. Leonard and His Clique." (Digby & Long. 274 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## THE AMERICAN COUSINS.

By SARAH TYTLER.

This story bears the sub-title, "A Story of Shakespeare's Country." Two young men—George and Beville Sheldrake, Virginia planters, and descendants of English Sheldrakes—are in the Stratford-on-Avon country, where they visit the old English stem of the family. Genealogy and love—the old world and the new—mingle in the Sheldrake country mansion, and the end is as it should be. (Digby & Long. 343 pp. 6s.)

## PASTE JEWELS.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"Seven tales of domestic woe" is the description which the author offers, and "They also serve who also stand and wait," a quotation from a greater John than himself, is Mr. Bangs's motto; all of which implies that the subjects of the stories are domestic servants. Mr. Bangs has some reputation in America for mild humour. (Harper & Brothers. 202 pp. 2s.)

## THE BLACK DISC.

By ALBERT LEE.

The frontispiece is significant. A Spanish nobleman and a lion are engaged in deadly combat in the background, while a Moorish maiden near by strikes an attitude of alarmed dismay. Underneath we read: "I plunged my sword into the lion's chest and reached his heart." The whole book is like this. (Digby & Long. 338 pp. 6s.)

## THE NOVEL OF ADVENTURE.

Whoever loves English letters must bewail the steady degeneration which the novel of adventure has undergone in the last decade or so. In its beginning the romantic movement was a natural reaction against the long domination of the novel of character and manners which, after being carried to brilliant heights by a succession of great writers—Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot—became flat and debased in the commonplace hands of Anthony Trollope, whose success would not have been possible save for the taste and tradition established by his illustrious forerunners. He possessed the negative merit of making revolt inevitable. The publication of *Treasure Island*, and shortly afterwards of *King Solomon's Mines*, opened a new epoch. From the day of their success a large proportion of our young writers have turned their minds to the production of what they are pleased to term romance, though not one in fifty of them is able to infuse the true romantic element into his sequence of crime and battle. The public, a little surfeited with bread-and-butter literature—perhaps, too, a little wearied of the long peace, and beginning to feel the glamour that time casts over war—has developed an enormous appetite for records of blood and adventure. Of this the purveyors seem determined to take full advantage. Of course, the great master of their craft is Alexander Dumas, and him they study and toil at and imitate with an astonishing fidelity. It seems impossible for them even to get away from his time and country.

Here is Mr. Hooper carrying his scene of action to the court of Louis Quatorze just as if never a novel had been worked out of that mine before. We do not say he is worse than his neighbours; on the contrary, the *Singer of Marly* (Methuen & Co.) is decidedly above the average. But a glance at some of its more obvious defects will illustrate the pitfalls into which the writer of any similar story is likely to fall. And, first of all, it is evident that, despite certain readings, of which we gladly acknowledge the evidence, Mr. Hooper's ideas are second or third hand. He has gone to Mr. Stanley Weyman



as Mr. Stanley Weyman went to Dumas, only as often happens he has not adapted with sufficient closeness. The motif of *The Singer* is that of *Under the Red Robe*. A ruffler in a tavern gets into trouble and disgrace tantamount to death, but extricates himself by engaging to perform a dastard's part to a woman. That was precisely the theme worked out in Mr. Weyman's story; but Mr. Weyman had skill enough to make his hero at the beginning a reckless, desperate gambler, scarcely himself cognisant of the little bit of good that was to develop and grow under the purifying influence of a woman's love. This is what Mr. Hooper has omitted; his hero is as heroic in the beginning as in the end, and thus the novel has no other interest save what is afforded by a series of improbable incidents. You may glance through it once as you glance through a list of cycling accidents in a morning paper, but no one reads twice an up-to-date novel of adventure.

Nor is it only in the main theme that the author is indebted to novelists. His secondary villain, a magnetising quack and astrologist, is a compound from other fiction. This is the more regrettable as history gives the period many individuals who might have suggested a really original character. Anthony Mesmer, it is true, was not yet born—the date of the story was 1697; but he and Heil and Gassner and Greatrakes (an Irishman born early in the seventeenth century) give us an idea of what the charlatan of the time was like. But Mr. Hooper appears to have gone to Scott's *Henbane* in the *Fair Maid of Perth* for a model, to Mr. Rider Haggard's *Cleopatra* for his hypnotism, and to the *Gentleman in Black* for at least one important scene. The charlatan's mysticism and his belief in the power of the will are altogether of later date.

We need scarcely proceed further with the dissection of this portion of the story. If so many novelists will persist in hunting the French court for material, it is obvious that they can live only by taking in one another's washing. But there is another defect, so characteristic of the school and so fatal to good work, that it demands some notice—this is the utter neglect of character-drawing in the recent novel of adventure. Yet it is by far the finest and most difficult part of a novelist's craft. If only puppets are used, a very poor inventive power is sufficient to produce any given number of brawls, accidents, duels, murders, seductions, and the like. But to achieve the great aim of imaginative work—that is to say, so to impose upon a reader that for him to open the pages of a novel is to enter a new world, and make the acquaintance of figures so real and life-like that he cannot believe they are other than actual men and women; for this there must be more than incident. To take what is perhaps the best of its class, it is not for the mere sword-play that we return and return again to *Quentin Durward*; it is because Quentin himself and his uncle, Louis and Burgundy, and the Wild Boar of Ardennes, are drawn so faithfully, and with such a perfect knowledge of human nature, that they are more real to us than the shadowy personages of grave history, and the clash of character against character and mind against mind is still more interesting than the best-conducted duel. Save for this broad and deep interest in humanity, the novel of adventure has no more command over attention than the newspaper account of a murder or a railway collision. Unfortunately, there is just now a huge uninstructed public that prefers a Sunday journal full of these horrors to the best literature, so that a series of crimes and accidents flung into the semblance of a story has always an audience to appeal to. It is a large field, and holds out a great temptation to those who will cater for it. But still education is progressing, and the grossest appetite may be nauseated; so that even if they disregard letters altogether, the new writers, as a mere matter of prudence and commercial wisdom, might consider whether it were not worth while to attempt something more difficult and deserving than the poor and ragged novel of adventure which is now the vogue. The pendulum of taste is for ever swinging. James Grant and G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth, and hosts of names well known in their day, are rotting and mouldering in provincial libraries. They were forsaken for Mrs. Henry Wood and Anthony Trollope, and now a new bread-and-butter novelist is nearly due. Will it not be well to take warning?

We have travelled away from *The Singer of Marly*, but, in good sooth, it would scarcely have been fair to visit on one the sins of an entire class. At some future time we hope to take a batch of such novels, and by synoptical tables show that the same poor mechanism is common to all.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

SOME of our contemporaries have accused Mrs. McClure, the translator of Prof. Maspero's *Struggle of the Nations*, of taking liberties with the original in the interests of orthodoxy. The Secretary of the S.P.C.K. has therefore sent to the Press a statement of the case, as to which the reviewer who dealt with the book in these columns writes: "Mr. McClure has hardly bettered his case by his 'True Statement.' In a letter to the *Athenæum* of the 9th January he said: 'Mrs. McClure . . . was throughout in communication with Professor Maspero, without whose consent she did not venture to qualify any expression in the text.' But it now appears from the 'Statement' that some of the alterations were made not only without Professor Maspero's consent, but without his knowledge, and that he complained of them as 'not corresponding to his thought.' I still think, however, that the alterations are entirely without importance, and that they could deceive no one as to Professor Maspero's real views."

MR. HENLEY's long expected anthology, *English Lyrics*, is at last published. It covers, we observe, five centuries, ranging from Chaucer to Poe, and some four hundred and odd pieces lie between its covers. The motto is from FitzGerald: the Omâr Khâyâm quatrain beginning "A book of Verses underneath the Bough." Among the surprises will be found many excerpts from the Old Testament.

MR. HENLEY's theory of the lyric is contained in his comment upon the late Mr. Palgrave's definition of a lyric as a poem which turns upon "some single thought, feeling, or situation." "I would rather say," adds Mr. Henley, "that unless

'thought,' and 'feeling,' and 'situation' are all single, and are all present, and so present that in the final result 'feeling' shall oblige us to forget the others, or at least to consider them as chiefly essential to its triumphing expression, that result is not a lyric." The preface is exceedingly interesting, but the type is pitifully small.

WE understand that Mr. Henley's essay on the genius of Robert Burns, which is printed at the end of the edition of the poet prepared by that critic and Mr. Henderson, will be issued separately in book form.

PARIS is much excited over *Amitié Amoureuse* and its supposed connexion with Maupassant. Hurried readers have stated emphatically that Philippe de Luzu, the correspondent of Denise, is the novelist himself, although, had they looked more closely, they would have found good reasons for stating him not to be so. The result of this verdict has been the advertisement of the book as the "Love-Letters of Maupassant," and a vogue which it might not otherwise have attained, despite its cleverness. The truth—at any rate for English readers—is, however, now made clear by a letter to the *Bookman* from Mr. Benjamin Swift, who has the best authority for what he states; and whose story of the book is a curious corroboration of the theory of Mr. L. F. Austin, enunciated in the current *Sketch*. The author of *Amitié Amoureuse*, says Mr. Swift, is a lady known to him, and the work is pure fiction. This lady denies the rumour that many of Maupassant's phrases have been incorporated in Philippe's letters, which is a point that, had she not stated the case so firmly, a little study would make clear at once. So, for us, the matter ends.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE, whose voice is now too seldom heard, contributes to *Last Studies* by the late Hubert Crackanthorpe the following beautiful elegiac stanzas:

"Hubert, who loved the country and the town,  
Has left his friends; and England sees no more

The young slight figure musing on the down,  
Nor France his quiet eyes, that o'er and o'er

Travelled her landscape, shaping it well.

"His joys were there, but pity for mankind  
Drew him where surging cities moved his soul:

He wrote of men and women, wrecked, and pined

With bitter sorrow; and the misery stole  
Into his life till he bade life farewell.

"Pity he could not stay, for he was true,  
Tender and chivalrous, and without spot;  
Loving things great and good, and love like dew

Fell from his heart on those that loved him not;

But those who loved him knew that he loved well.

"Too rough his sea, too dark its angry tides!

Things of a day are we; shadows that move

The lands of shadow; but, where he abides,  
Time is no more; and that great substance, Love,

Is shadowless. And yet, we grieve.  
Farewell."

THE Kelmescott Press books were often in themselves lovely; but very rarely has a publisher, imitating the late Mr. Morris's conventions, succeeded in producing a thing of beauty. The latest example of decorative publishing is Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, for which Mr. Walter Crane has designed pictures and borders, and which Messrs. Harper & Brothers issue. It strikes us as a piece of ill-considered book-making. The first essential of a book, whether decorative or not, is that it should be legible. The text's the thing. We defy anyone to read Spenser in Mr. Crane's edition without tiring, and possibly injuring, his eyes. The page is a bewildering mass of dazzling type and border, and this being the case the pictures are beside the mark.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has passed through the press a small volume entitled *Various Fragments*. It will be issued by Messrs. Williams & Norgate as soon as the American edition is ready.

IN reply to rumours stating that the health of Count Tolstoi is in a seriously low condition, a correspondent of the *Chronicle*, who has authority for his remarks, states that, beyond suffering from a tumour in the cheek, the novelist is comparatively well. Count Tolstoi, it seems, is now engaged on a study of the true nature of art.

MARK TWAIN contributes to the *Century* a kindly tribute to the work of the late James Hammond Trumbull, the American scholar, who was his neighbour at Hartford. The following amusing story is told by the humorist in proof of Dr. Trumbull's erudition:

"I asked him a question once myself about twenty years ago. I remember it yet—vividly. His answer exhibited in a striking way his two specialties—the immensity of his learning, and the generous fashion in which he lavished that and his time and labour gratis upon the ignorant needy. I was summering somewhere away from home, and one day I had a new idea—a motif for a drama. I was enchanted with the felicity of the conception—I might say intoxicated with it. It seemed to me that no idea was ever so exquisite, so beautiful, so freighted with wonderful possibilities. I believed that when I should get it fittingly dressed out in the right dramatic clothes it would not only delight the world, but astonish it. Then came a stealthy, searching, disagreeable little chill: what if the idea was not new, after all? Trumbull would know. I wrote him some cold, calm, indifferent words out of a heart that was sweltering with anxiety, mentioning my idea, and asking him in a casual way if it had ever been used in a play. His answer covered six pages, written in his fine and graceful hand—six pages of titles of plays in which the idea had been used, the date of each piracy appended, also the country and language in which the felony had been committed. The theft of my idea had been consummated two hundred and sixty-eight times. The latest instance mentioned was English, and not yet three years old; the earliest had electrified China eight hundred years before Christ. Dr. Trumbull added in a foot-note that his list was not complete, since it furnished only the modern instances; but that if I wished it he would go back to early times. I do not remember the exact words I said about the early times in my

answer, but it is not material; they indicated the absence of lust in that direction. I did not write the play."

THE American papers give a concise and not unkind nor over-smart description of Mr. Bryce, who is now visiting their country. He is described as of middle height and middle weight, with a good head and a sharp eye, and the bearing of a man who thinks more of his subject than of himself.

WHEN, it has been asked again and again, will Mr. Lang write his great book, his *magnum opus*? Why he should do so we have no notion, considering how diverting his occasional pieces are; but the question is familiar. In an article on bookselling in *Chapman's Magazine*, Mr. Lang himself offers the best answer: "*Moi qui parle*, I could no more live (comfortably) by writing new books than the booksellers can live by selling them. I have to sell fal-lals—articles, essays, miscellaneous hack-work—but I like that commerce of all things."

THE November number of the *Genealogical Magazine*—a particularly well-produced periodical, by the way—has some interesting contents. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a letter on "Stuart Pretenders," with the characteristic opening sentence: "The 'Milne Boyd Stuarts,' claiming through a daughter of Charles Edward, are a new species to me." The descent of Lord Nelson from Edward III. is set forth in a genealogical tree.

*The Antiquary*, a magazine appealing to a similar class of readers, has no popular article this month; but there is a useful epitome of the regulations adopted in various foreign countries for the preservation of ancient buildings. Taking the view that the rebuilding of the west front of St. Petersburg Cathedral was an act of "vandalism," the editor advocates that we should import such regulations from the Continent as would make crimes of "restoration" impossible in the future. In Prussia a proposal to restore or rebuild an ancient building must be referred to higher powers than those immediately concerned in the work; and in Bavaria "stringent and admirable legislation has existed for many years."

*The Alphabet* by Mr. William Nicholson, which has just been published by Mr. Heinemann, is indeed a delight. Rarely does a young modern artist break such a triumphant path for himself as Mr. Nicholson has done. It is a slim quarto volume, and contains twenty-six character studies—a study to each letter of the alphabet. The figures are lithographed in three or four colours upon a ground resembling brown paper, which is always the foundation of Mr. Nicholson's work when he practises as one of the Beggartaff Brothers. But black—fine, rich, dominant black—is the note of his work. He refrains from accessories or half-tints. His line is clean, his characterisation vivid and resolute, his composition artful, and his method forcible. In its way, this *Alphabet* is quite an epoch-making book.

WE do not wish to be flippant on a serious subject, but we must confess to having found a little book, entitled *When Thou Prayest*, rather amusing. This is a manual of suggestions for daily prayer, compiled for the use of young communicants by the Rev. W. Hewetson, and prefaced by the Bishop of Coventry. The body of the work is not matter for comment; but a little list of subjects for intercession, arranged alphabetically, invites it. Herein we find:

Actors.	Jews.	Policemen.
Authors.	Mohammedans.	Postmen.
Bishops.	Navvies.	Press, The.
Cabmen.	Parliament.	Relatives.

Reviewers are omitted. No set form of prayer is given.

An interview with Mr. Zangwill reveals the nature of the book upon which he is now engaged. "In the book upon which I am working at present," he said, "I am giving a character-sketch of Heine, which I find rather difficult. If I give his portrait in his own words—and even that requires great literary skill—well, then, I have no opportunity of showing myself; but if I give a picture in my own words it will be incomplete. You see my difficulties!" Will it cheer Mr. Zangwill in his dilemma to remind him that a provincial reviewer said ecstatically of the *Children of the Ghetto*, "It is Charles Dickens writing with the pen of Heinrich Heine"?

ADMIRERS of that accomplished critic and divine, the late Dean Church, will be glad to hear that a cheaper edition of the *Life and Letters*, compiled two or three years ago by his daughter, may now be bought. Messrs. Macmillan have just added the book to their delightful "Eversley" Series, in which the Dean's various biographies and essays are also to be found.

WHAT little literary activity has ever been shown in British Guiana is now, it seems, to be checked. For some twenty years past the colony has produced a half-yearly magazine entitled *Timehri* (which is the Aboriginal Indian term for the primitive picture-writings found in that part of the continent), the editors of which have been successively Messrs. Im Thurn, Quelch, and Rodway, some of their chief contributors being Messrs. Kerke, Jenman, Nichols, and Prof. J. B. Harrison. The expenses were borne by the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society of British Guiana, but now, owing to the grave condition of the sugar industry, this support is to cease, and the magazine will end with the December number.

THE sale of the late Mr. Henry George's principal work, *Progress and Poverty*, was large in this country. Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. issued 65,000 copies of the more expensive edition and 110,000 copies in the shilling form.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK will publish immediately a new anthology, entitled *To Be Had In Remembrance*, compiled by Miss A. E. Chance, and illustrated.

## AN ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

### A SUGGESTED LIST OF FORTY NAMES.

#### AWARDS TO AUTHORS.

THE following list of suggested members for an ACADEMY OF LETTERS is based upon a consensus of opinions gathered from the staff of this journal. Whether English literature is served or hindered by the official existence of such an Institution need not now be discussed. Our immediate concern is to invite correspondence on the composition of this list, and to announce that arrangements are now in progress by which, in connexion with the ACADEMY OF LETTERS, a book of signal merit shall be "crowned" each year. The author of the work will receive an award from this journal of ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS. We have also in contemplation the "crowning" of a book each year by an author of younger reputation, to whom we shall make an award of FIFTY GUINEAS. The final list of Academicians will be printed in an early issue, when we shall also enter into further particulars. Meanwhile we invite the opinions of our readers on the names printed below:

John Ruskin.	W. E. H. Lecky.
W. E. Gladstone.	S. R. Gardiner.
Herbert Spencer.	Bishop Creighton.
Duke of Argyll.	Bishop Stubbs.
A. C. Swinburne.	Rev. Aidan Gasquet.
George Meredith.	W. E. Henley.
John Morley.	Andrew Lang.
Thomas Hardy.	William Archer.
James Bryce.	H. D. Traill.
Sir G. O. Trevelyan.	Edmund Gosse.
Leslie Stephen.	Mrs. Meynell.
George Macdonald.	Mrs. Humphry Ward.
R. D. Blackmore.	Francis Thompson.
Rudyard Kipling.	W. B. Yeats.
Aubrey de Vere.	Henry James.
R. C. Jebb.	Austin Dobson.
Dr. Salmon.	J. M. Barrie.
W. W. Skeat.	A. W. Pinero.
Dr. J. A. H. Murray.	W. S. Gilbert.
W. P. Ker.	"Lewis Carroll."



## T. E. BROWN.

## A EULOGY.

THE death of the Rev. T. E. Brown removes from the slender ranks of modern poets the strongest, cleanest singer of them all. By the few who know and love his verses the loss will be deemed irreparable, so resolute and clear-sighted was he, so straightforward and joyous. He was one of the writers who not only write, but do. He lived very keenly, and his verse reflects his actual life, instead of being, as often happens, merely a dream of what the author would have that life to be. Trials came, but he made the best of them. Friends died, and forthwith he sent across the void a brave greeting to them in heaven. Yet he had none of the arrogance of the exultant optimist. He was filled with humility, and the gentlest, most understanding pity. He offered no new system of philosophy, and he made no discoveries that have not been common-places for centuries. What he did, with all the strength that was in him and in his own characteristic way, was to lay emphasis on the goodness of the marrow of life, and plead for charity in men's dealings with men. His poetry is the poetry of a strong and tender and reverent man, whose piety was as simple as that of George Herbert, and whose literary art and power over words were of the highest.

Mr. Brown's poetry was divided between long stories in the Manx dialect and personal lyrics and elegiacs. The stories are to be found in *Betsy Lee, Fiv's'sle Yarns, The Manx Witch, and The Doctor*; the shorter poems are in *Old John* and in recent numbers of the *New Review*. Mr. Brown turned to verse only when he had something which he wished to say in that form. His most beautiful personal poems were the outlet of private grief. He was also a fine critic, fearless and sympathetic. He knew what he liked and why he liked it. This clearness of intellect marked him.

A clergyman of the Church of England, Mr. Brown was also pantheist to the core. "Cleave the wood and there am I, lift the stone and I am there"—the newly discovered saying of Christ—was said again and again in his own words by this wise and simple seer. He said it in "My Garden":

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!  
Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Ferned grot—  
The veriest school  
Of peace; and yet the fool  
Contentends that God is not—  
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?  
Nay, but I have a sign;  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

He said it in the sixth lyric of the Clevedon sequence:

"What moves at Cardiff, how a man  
At Newport ends the day as he began;  
At Weston what adventure may befall,  
What Bristol dreams, or if she dreams at  
all,  
Upon the pier, with steps sedate,  
I meditate—  
Poor souls! whose God is Mammon.  
Meanwhile, from Ocean's gate  
Keen for the foaming spate,  
The true God rushes in the salmon."

He said it, but less directly, in the following glowing, kindling lyric of the spring:

"Sweet breeze that sett'st the summer buds  
a-swaying,  
Dear lambs amid the primrose meadows  
playing:  
Let me not think!  
O floods up'n whose brink  
The merry birds are maying,  
Dream, softly dream! O blessed mother, lead  
me!  
Unsevered from thy girdle—lead me! feed  
me  
I have no will but thine;  
I need not but the juice  
Of elemental wine—  
Perish remoter use  
Of strength reserved for conflict yet to come!  
Let me be dumb,  
As long as I may feel thy hand—  
This, this is all—do ye not understand  
How the great Mother mixes all our bloods?  
O breeze! O swaying buds!  
O lambs, O primroses, O floods!

Yet, even with this valiant creed at his back, all things were not revealed to him. Strong and confident though he was, he could on occasion stand aside and confront God squarely. In the "Clevedon Verses" we find this indictment, prompted by the death of a little son:

"She knelt upon her brother's grave,  
My little girl of six years old—  
He used to be so good and brave,  
The sweetest lamb of all our fold;  
He used to shout, he used to sing,  
Of all our tribe the little king—  
And so unto the turf her ear she laid,  
To hark if still in that dark place he played.  
"No sound! no sound!  
Death's silence was profound;  
And horror crept  
Into her aching heart, and Dora wept.  
If this is as it ought to be,  
My God, I leave it unto Thee."

This is the terrible irony of a bereaved father. In the main, it is true, Mr. Brown compelled every bitter thing to yield something of sweet; but not always was it possible. Here, for example, is a piteous sonnet on one of the saddest subjects in all the world. Addressing a street-walker, the poet says:

"You might have been as lovely as the dawn,  
Had household sweetness nurtured you, and  
arts  
Domestic, and the strength which love im-  
parts  
To lowliness, and chastened ardour drawn  
From vital sap that burgeons in the brawn  
Around the dreadful arms of Hercules,  
And shapes the curvature of Dian's knees,  
And has its course in lilies of the lawn.  
Even now your flesh is soft and full, defaced  
Although it be, and bruised. Unblurred  
your eyes  
Meet mine, as misinterpreting their call,  
Then sink, reluctant forced to recognise  
That there are men whose look is not un-  
chaste—  
O God! the pain! the horror of it all!"

Mr. Brown had a controlling love of children. He had other passions too—

"O God of Heaven!  
These are thy gifts, to all thy creatures given—  
Love, laughter, light."

So he wrote. The poet had them all. Light was his pre-eminently: he stood ever in the full glare. The joy of the open air

pulsed in him. One gets the impression that he wrote always out of doors. Great forces attracted him: the illimitable sea, the generating sun, forgiveness, benevolence. He knew the sea as a comrade, and his poems abound in wonderful hints of it and aspirations for it. In "Star Steering" he cries:

"But, oh, the gladness of the outer sea!  
O Venus! Mars!  
When shall I steer by you again, O stars!"

And the following scrap of impressionist description is from a piece called "The Bristol Channel":

"The sulky gray old brute!  
But when the sunset strokes him,  
Or twilight shadows coax him,  
He gets so silver milky,  
He turns so soft and silky,  
He'd make a water-spaniel for King Knut."

Mr. Brown was a northerner by birth, but he settled early in the west—he was master at Clifton for nearly twenty years, and at Gloucester before that,—and the west crept into his nature. Although his heart, however, was ever in the Isle of Man, the West-country may claim half of him for her own, if she cares to, and add his name to those of William Barnes and Stephen Hawker—a noble trio of humane, singing divines. We learn Mr. Brown's favourite scenery from the beautiful "Epistola ad Dakyns" which begins thus:

"Dakyns, when I am dead,  
Three places must by you be visited,  
Three places excellent,  
Where you may ponder what I meant,  
And then pass on—  
Three places you must visit when I'm gone."

"Yes, meant, not did, old friend!  
For neither you nor I shall see the end,  
And do the thing we wanted:  
Nathless three places will be haunted  
By what of me  
The earth and air  
Shall spare,  
And fire and sea  
Let be—  
Three places only,  
Three places, Dakyns."

The first place is by Avon's side; the second is beneath Skiddaw; the third is the little island of Man. That is his strongest love: he will merge, he says, into the island's organic life. Something of the same effect is communicated by the stirring lyric "Clifton":

"I'm here in Clifton, grinding at the mill  
My feet for thrice nine barren years have  
trod,  
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,  
And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank  
God!

"Alert, I seek exactitude of rule,  
I step, and square my shoulders with the  
squad,  
But there are blackberries on old Barrule,  
And Langness has its heather still—thank  
God!

"There is no silence here: the truculent  
quack  
Insists with acrid shriek my ears to prod,  
And, if I stop them, fumes: but there's no  
lack  
Of silence still on Carraghyn—thank God!

"Pragmatic fibs surround my soul, and bate it  
With measured phrase that asks the  
assenting nod;

I rise, and say the bitter thing, and hate it,  
But Wordsworth's castle's still at Peel—  
thank God!

"Oh, broken life! Oh, wretched bits of being,  
Unrhythmic patched, the even and the odd!  
But Bradda still has lichens worth the seeing,  
And thunder in her caves—thank God!  
thank God!"

The Isle of Man is, of course, the scene of the "Fo'e's'le yarns." The form of these stories of lowly life is rough, the language is racily idiomatic, the rhyming of the simplest, but there is much concealed art in the telling, and the knowledge of human nature exhibited therein is profound. We have no space left in which to quote, nor are passages easily detached; but readers who are not acquainted with these moving little dramas should make good the defect. There is waiting for them much rich humour and rare humanity. The old "Pazon" is not to be forgotten, for kindlier man does not illumine fiction. And once Tom Baynes and the doctor insinuate themselves into the affections, they will not be dislodged. Mr. Brown made everything secondary to the human interest—another instance of his humility; he abstained from all fine writing, all literary epithet, in order that nothing might stand between the reader and the simple virtues of his beloved islanders.

#### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

AFTER the arts of war it is well to be reminded of the arts of peace, and the splendid illustrated edition of M. Demetrius Bikélas' *Greek Tales* which the firm of Didot have just issued comes appropriately in the lull of national calamities. It is not at so tardy an hour that we have to praise the late Marquis Gueux de Sainte-Hilaire's most perfect rendering in French of those exquisite little pictures of national life, which M. Bikélas has drawn so humorously and so delicately. The illustrations are beautiful, especially those of the Greek artist Gyzis, who illustrates that poignant little masterpiece *Philippe Marthas*. All the artists are Greek, and each one follows his fancy in a separate tale—the Count of Giallina, MM. Gyzis, Jacobides, Lybrai, Phocas, Ralli, and Rigo. Never was author more brilliantly interpreted by his collaborators of the pencil. And to say that the drawings are worthy of the text is, indeed, saying much, for it would be difficult to treat the short story in a more polished, dainty, academical, and highly finished manner than that of M. Bikélas.

The pity one feels on reading this volume is that the author, so perfectly fashioned by the temper and quality of his distinguished talent for prolonged triumphs in this restricted branch of literature, by the fineness and subtlety of his observation and the quiet grace of his irony, should have scattered his remarkable abilities over so many various other works and pre-occupations instead of reserving himself for narrower and more concentrated achievement. M.

Bikélas, as an artist, was destined for the delicate and scrupulous portrayal of scenes in which every stroke of pen is conscientiously considered, in a style which has no tendency whatever to eloquence or redundancy; sober, cultivated, with just enough irony to give piquancy to the marked tenderness, humour to brighten the exceeding grace; and while he is ever careful to preserve the necessary local colour, he is no less careful to tone this colour with such art and suggestiveness as to keep his subjects well within the broad radius of common humanity, and so afford his translator the occasion to present material which looks quite at home and simple and fresh in its transposition. The tales read as if they had been written in French, and as if French were their natural setting. *Les Nouvelles Grecques* is a very beautiful and desirable gift-book, superbly mounted.

*La Proie*, by M. Henri Béranger, is quite a new departure in the monotonous field of latter-day French fiction. A slip backward is often a slip forward, and, if the younger novelists would only from time to time consult Balzac to keep in mind the obvious truth that the interests and features of life are varied, they may even end by forgetting the eternal theme of the moment. M. Béranger has shaken himself free of the boudoir chair, and declined to breathe the restricted atmosphere of existing art; he has the originality to discover that fiction is not comprised of a single element and the usual three persons of the drama, and the result is an extremely strong and interesting novel, with actually, Mighty Powers! a young girl for heroine. Yet not quite a young girl. Here, again, is a typical illustration of our change of point of view. This does not come from Balzac, but is born of the hour. In Balzac's time the young girl of France was still a pensive and amiable maid in the inevitable teens. Seventeen, we know, was Thackeray's age of predilection. Towards twenty-five Balzac transformed the heroine into the *femme incomprise*. But neither Thackeray nor Balzac would have regarded an unmarried woman of twenty-six as a young girl. This M. Béranger does to his honour. Not so long ago our own male novelists would have depicted M. Béranger's noble and charming Marcelle as a husband-hunting disappointed old maid. Even here in the fashionable novel of Gyp she would be little better—hard, evil-tongued, bitter-natured. But in fresher hands, she remains young, disinterested, declining titled and wealthy husbands, resolved to remain unmated, to the despair of her parents and friends, until she meets the mate of her heart or at least, a husband worthy of interest. The man she chooses, at twenty-six, is a poor enough figure, but his past is relatively clean, he has loved no other woman yet, and, as far as the sterile political atmosphere he breathes permits of honest feeling, he really loves her. Their marriage is, in French fiction, a stupendous innovation; a love marriage on both sides, without on the hero's the degrading necessity of breaking inadmissible ties. And yet it leaves an exceedingly bitter taste of disillusionment in the start of a marriage that ought to have been happy.

Lake all political heroes, Raoul's nature is dry, limited, insincere. We feel he can never reach the high ideal of Marcelle, never feed the aspirations of her lofty soul, will never find a home in a nest so warm and pure as her heart. What is it in politics that creates this bitterness and solitude? What is it in this trivial career that ever casts it without the radius of all that is intimate and tender and true?

The character of Raoul is drawn with unsparing yet measured fidelity. The book is, in every sense of the word, *intellectual*, that is, written with the aid of thought and knowledge, not dashed off in a cheap search for brilliance and paradox. Raoul, the young man of the world, the literary and political genius, who in school ever regards himself as a future great man, and takes the inevitable Bonaparte for his model, is not overdrawn. There is none of the picturesque excess of Numa Roumestan. He is not in the least *cabotin*, and his very eloquence is classically cold, reasonable, and convincing. He is the superior political man, of whom a statesman may be made, corruptible by the very nature of his calling, but starting with a sincere and austere ideal of political life. When Young France elected him for Parliament, these youths, famished for reform and virtue, wading in the mud of Panama, really believed, as he did, that they were sending a sage and a saint to speak for them in the Tribune. But their eyes are definitely opened by his brilliant marriage with the tarnished capitalist's daughter, and, after the bachelors' party preceding that event, tell him so. "I am no longer so persuaded as I used to be in listening to you," says one sorrowfully, and Raoul felt himself judged and understood. "I see many," says another disappointed youth, "who aspire to become rich, celebrated, powerful; I see few who desire to live straight and be useful to the humble." The ideal is broken on the altar of vulgar conquest. "Was it for this we elected you?" asks the last to abandon him. Left alone, Raoul feels it is the farewell of youth, of friendship, of bright and exquisite hours. Love remains, but this, too, we know will leave him. Marcelle will suffer first, and then despise him. H. L.

#### WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

##### IV.—A BOOKSTALL KEEPER.

I HAD promised to call at the railway bookstall of a big London terminus to get a parcel of books for a friend. In a den behind the stall sat the custodian of the circulating library, a young man of somewhat serious aspect. He was reading. When I mentioned my friend's name and my own business he looked thoughtfully round the shelves by which he was, so to speak, enclosed; his hand moved to one volume after another with the certainty of one who knows what he wants and where to find it. For a moment he paused at *Captains Courageous*; then he took it down and laid it with the others on the small counter by his side.



"Miss — doesn't like books of adventures, but she likes Kipling," he said thoughtfully, "so I'll put that in."

He tied up the bundle with a piece of string. "There," he said, as he made it fast, "I think Miss — will be pleased with that selection. I should like to have sent her Miss Violet Hunt's new book, but there is no copy in at present."

"But how do you know what Miss — likes?" I asked.

He looked a little hurt.

"It is my business to know," he said.

"But do you know the taste of all your customers?"

"Certainly; all my regular clients," he replied.

"You see, it saves them the trouble of making up a list. They trust to me, and I have reason to know that they are thoroughly satisfied."

"Then do you read all the books on your shelves?"

"That would be impossible. But I know something about every one, and I know which of my clients each one is suited for. We are very particular as to what books we put into circulation; but even as it is, there are some that I should not send to a young lady—unless, of course, it were specially asked for."

"I suppose the vast majority of the books you send out are novels."

He smiled a little sadly.

"I'm afraid they are," he said. "Not that I think novel reading is wrong in itself. But I fear many people devote themselves to the reading of novels to the exclusion of more serious studies."

"Your own tastes lie in another direction?" I said.

For I had glanced at the book he had down as I entered, and saw that it was Guinness Rogers's *The Gospel in the Epistles*.

"I never read a novel for my own gratification," he said. "I wouldn't condemn other people. We're told not to judge, you know, but —"

"You go in for theology?" I said.

"Well, not only theology," he replied; "you see, I was destined for the ministry." "The Church?"

"I belong to the Baptist connexion. But circumstances arose to prevent my studying for the ministry. Still, I have hopes of being able to go to the College in a year or two and being ordained."

"And meantime you are getting all the education you can?"

He nodded. "You see," he said, "in these days a minister is expected to have a wider range than formerly. He must read the literature of other sects, and even that of the sceptics, in order to be able to point out their errors. For example, I have lately been reading *Lux Mundi*."

"And what are the books you find most helpful?"

"Well, I think the best book I have read for many years is Prof. Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. Not that I would endorse all his views; but he gives one a new outlook upon things spiritual."

"And *Robert Elsmere*? You can't condemn a novel like that?"

"No. *Robert Elsmere* presents a great problem in the form of narrative. Sermons might be preached on *Robert Elsmere*. But — now here is a book that is better than any novel that was ever written."

He handed me Dean Farrar's *Life of Christ*.

"Do you know," he said, "if there is any book about those Sayings of Jesus that have been discovered in Egypt?"

"I believe not," I said. "But there is some kind of official report lately published on all the MSS. that were dug up."

"I am not clear," he said, "how we are to regard these Sayings. Will they have the authority of the Gospels?"

He swung the parcel of novels in his hand as we discussed the question, until a hurried lady came in to receive from him the bundle of books which he considered suitable for her reading. And I left, wondering that a man should read novels as a matter of business and theology for pleasure.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE SALE OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

#### THE NEW EDITIONS.

THE fact that four or five entirely new editions of the Waverley Novels have just been put upon the market suggested a little inquiry into the matter. We sought to ascertain from leading booksellers: (1) How these editions are selling? (2) Whether the new supply of the novels is in excess of the present demand? (3) What kind of edition is considered the most ideal for popular use? (4) Whether Scott holds his own among the moderns? and (5) Whether complete sets of the Waverley Novels are much bought by the mass of book buyers?

#### LONDON (W.).

We have received some interesting replies to these questions. A well-known Oxford-street firm writes:

The demand for the Waverley Novels is as great as ever, but we think the supply is considerably in excess of the demand. During the past year the public have been subscribing to five or six editions, and just recently four new editions have been put upon the market, in addition to which the leading novels are being issued by two firms in their series of non-copyright books. Messrs. Dent's pocket edition is charmingly produced in a handy size, and is being purchased by book-lovers; but being in forty-eight volumes it is too expensive to become popular. Mr. Nimmo's new 'Border Edition,' and Messrs. Black's new 'Dryburgh Edition' are exceedingly cheap, but we think the demand is not large enough to ensure the success of both editions. Messrs. Black's 1s. 6d. edition is also a marvel of cheapness, and should sell well in sets. The public taste is so varied that each edition secures a certain number of purchasers, and consequently we do not anticipate a phenomenal success for any particular edition.

On the whole, there is no declension in the sale of Scott's novels, and we are of opinion that they will continue to sell for many years to come.

#### LONDON (E.C.).

Another London firm replies to our several questions as follows:

We find that Messrs. Dent's and Mr. Nimmo's editions are selling well; Messrs. Service & Paton's moderately; Messrs. Black's two editions, having only appeared in the last few days, have hardly commenced to sell yet.

We think the supply of new Waverley Novels is decidedly in excess of the demand.

Messrs. Black's 'Standard' Edition (25 vols.), at 2s. 6d., is, in our opinion, the idea popular edition; but the 'Author's Favourite Edition' (48 vols.) is the *beau-ideal* edition.

Undoubtedly Scott is holding his position with the public.

The majority of our customers who buy Vol. I. of these sets complete them.

To sum up, in our experience, Scott, as a novelist, is only second in demand to Dickens.

#### LONDON (W.C.).

Another London correspondent sends us these careful notes on the five new editions before the public:

We are of opinion that the number of fresh editions serves to create fresh demand for these very popular novels. A few comments are appended—

1. Messrs. Dent's edition in forty-eight volumes, although a long set, appeals to buyers of pretty books, and is going fairly well. But he would be a rash statistician who would attempt to fix the number of sets that will eventually be sold from the sale of the first volume.

2. Mr. Nimmo's re-issue of the 'Border Edition' in twenty-four volumes, at 3s. 6d. per volume, undoubtedly takes the lead this year, as it is the *cheapest and best produced book ever offered for the money*; for a popular book it is almost perfect.

3. Messrs. Service & Paton's edition at 2s. 6d. comprises only a few odd volumes, and will not be completed as a set. It calls for no particular comment.

4. Messrs. A. & C. Black's re-issue of the 'Dryburgh Edition' in twenty-five volumes, at 3s. 6d., will have to compete with the new edition of the 'Border Edition,' with which it compares rather unfavourably. It would have been wiser to have withheld it for awhile.

5. Messrs. A. & C. Black's 'Victoria Edition' at 1s. 6d. per volume (twenty-five volumes) is, however, the best cheap edition yet produced, and will undoubtedly take a lot of beating—print, paper and binding being exceptionally good. We anticipate a very large sale for this, as the complete set will only cost 28s.

The demand for 'Scott' is steadily increasing, and at no time have buyers had such a large variety of editions from which to choose.

The system of publishing in monthly volumes is a great inducement to small buyers, who invariably complete their sets. Of the foregoing, Mr. Nimmo's re-issue of the 'Border Edition,' at 3s. 6d. the volume, most nearly approaches our idea of a good practical edition for popular use. The present sale of the Waverley novels is, of course, by no means confined to those mentioned, as, from the six-penny paper editions to the original issue of the 'Border' and 'Dryburgh Editions,' the demand is very brisk.

## CAMBRIDGE.

From Cambridge we have the following categorical replies to our inquiries:

We find Messrs. Dent's edition is selling best.

We think the supply is in excess of the present demand.

We consider Messrs. Nimmo's new issue of the "Border Edition" to be the most ideal for popular use.

There is a continual small demand for Scott in Cambridge.

Most of our customers who purchase Scott generally procure a complete set.

## OXFORD.

An Oxford bookseller favours us with this reply:

Though so many editions of Scott's novels are being put on the market just now as to make one wonder where they all go, there is in Oxford a fairly brisk demand for them. Conditions here are, of course, peculiar, and among so many young men there are always a certain number laying the foundations of future libraries. These very naturally take in volumes of Scott's novels as they appear at intervals, and generally persevere to the end. The favourite editions are those issued in a form that would have commended itself to Dr. Johnson. The depreciation in the beautiful, but bulky, 'Abbot-ford Edition,' I think, bears out this statement.

## EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh also gives short answers of interest:

Messrs. Dent's & Nimmo's 3s. 6d. (not 6s.) editions are going well.

Always a demand for Scott, although five new editions seem too many.

As to the ideal edition, this question is not easy to answer, but comfort in reading—Dent's edition.

Scott is certainly holding his own.

Many buy the complete set.

## BRISTOL.

A West-country correspondent replies as follows (note his startling suggestion that yet another edition is called for):

The success of the expensive 'Border' showed the demand for Scott among well-to-do readers, and the cheap re-issue at 3s. 6d. (against 12s.) will be sure to find a good sale with people of taste but limited purses.

Messrs. Dent's issue, especially in 'lamb's skin,' appeals to *dilettanti* buyers, and this firm has found that this class numbers thousands.

There is still an opening for a 'people's' Scott, and we venture to think that the cheaper of Messrs. Black's two admirable issues has missed this sale by a tactical mistake.

## BRIGHTON.

A Brighton bookseller informs us:

In spite of the ever-increasing flood of new Fiction which bursts upon the literary market continually, and is intensified at the opening of each season, it is beyond dispute that the sales of the works of Dickens and Scott never seem to decrease; and although there are some five new editions of the Waverley Novels just put on the market, each of them seems likely to find purchasers. It is not, however, altogether beneficial to the bookseller, as it means increased stock without a proportionate increased sale.

As far as one can judge at present, Mr.

Nimmo's 'Border Edition' will take the first place for general popularity, although Messrs. Black's 1s. 6d. one is a marvellous production at the price.

Messrs. Dent's pocket edition is most dainty and portable, but the number of volumes will, we fear, prevent it having the sale it deserves.

## EXETER.

Lastly, hear the voice of Exeter—farthest removed from the scenes of the Waverley Novels, yet not least enthusiastic:

In reply to your favour respecting the demand for the various editions of Scott's novels—all editions sell steadily. It appears as if the public could not have enough of Scott. In my opinion no author is so largely purchased in complete editions.

## D R A M A.

THE Chinese drama is still practically a closed book to Europeans, though a slight glimpse was given of it a few years ago in a yellow covered volume published in Paris under the title of "Le Théâtre des Chinois," by General Tcheng-Ki-Tong, military attaché to the Chinese Embassy. General Tcheng-Ki-Tong, whose literary labours for the enlightenment of the "foreign devil" did not find favour at the Court of Peking—at all events, he was afterwards recalled and, it is said, "disgraced"—was as complimentary as he could be to European drama, but he did not disguise his opinion that the best work of our greatest authors would fail before a Chinese audience. For in Chinese literature, and apparently in Chinese life too, the dominating passion is not love between the sexes, but filial piety and respect for ancestors. Learning is also highly esteemed, and the *dénouement* to a Chinese play is often sought in the result of a literary "exam." As a rule the *jeune premier* of the Chinese stage is a young student striving to win his literary laurels. If Corneille had been a Chinese author he would doubtless have written:

"Sors vainqueur d'un concours dont Chimène est le prix."

But filial piety is the mainspring of the Chinese drama, the motive force which keeps the action going, prompting the characters to noble deeds; and the conventional *dramatis personæ* comprise a high dignitary, an aged father, a young student, a comic man, an old woman, a soubrette, a go-between, a young girl of exalted birth, and a concubine or *maitresse légitime*, the last-named being brought into opposition with the legitimate spouse for the purpose of creating domestic embarrassments. Curiously enough, while the drama occupies a high place in the estimation of the people, the actors themselves are held in contempt. No human being except a criminal stands lower in the social scale than the Chinese actor. General Tcheng-Ki-Tong styles him *un infâme*.

UNDENIABLY it would be interesting to import a Chinese play, with actors, scenery,

and stage complete, but it would require to be a genuine product of the Flowery Land, and, therefore, very different from the two so-called Chinese plays which have raced each other across the Atlantic from New York, and established themselves at the Lyric and the Globe respectively. "The Cat and the Cherub" and "The First Born" are no more Chinese than "The Mikado," as played at the Savoy, or "The Geisha," at Daly's, is Japanese. An attempt is made in both to represent the external features of life in Chinatown, San Francisco, and in this perhaps "The First Born" is the more successful. But the story is of American origin, and it is played without exception by American actors masquerading as Chinamen, circumstances which are not only fatal to its authenticity, but bring it down to the level of an ordinary variety entertainment. Imagine how English life would fare at the hands of a company of Chinese actors who had picked up their notions of it in a treaty port!

THE rivalry between the two pseudo-Chinese companies and the close similarity of the pieces they bring with them throw an instructive light on the nature of copy-right in America. A Mr. Fernald having seen something of Chinese life in Hong Kong, and the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, wrote a series of sketches on that subject in an American magazine. Promptly one of his anecdotes was dramatised by Mr. Francis Powers, an American actor, who garnished it with characterisation of his own, and the piece found favour in the eyes of the New York public under the title of "The First Born." The original author was unable to protect his ideas, but it occurred to him that he might just as well try to reap some advantage from his work in dramatic form too. Hence the production of "The Cat and the Cherub." Of the respective merits of these versions, brought out here almost simultaneously, the London playgoer has now an opportunity of judging. While "The First Born" is more detailed on its spectacular side, it will be generally conceded that "The Cat and the Cherub" is superior in point of dramatic workmanship. The child of a wealthy merchant is stolen by the keeper of an opium-den for the sake of the reward likely to be offered for its recovery. It is not alone the money that tempts this rascal. He is represented as being in love with a beautiful girl, whom he is desirous of purchasing from her father. But the girl has another suitor, son of a learned doctor, and that young man happens to discover the stolen child's whereabouts. Before he can restore the cherub to its sorrowing father, however, he is murdered by the opium dealer. Soon the child is recovered for good, and a new dramatic motive springs up in the vengeance vowed by the learned doctor against the unknown murderer of his son. Who is this murderer? The house knows, but the doctor at first can only suspect. He draws the culprit into conversation, convinces himself of his guilt, and strangles him on a bench by night with his own pig-tail. Now comes the culminating scene of the little play, one which might be employed with equal effect in a



purely English or French melodrama. A policeman coming along, the murderer props up the body of his victim on the bench and pretends to be engaged in earnest conversation with it until the danger of detection is over.

SUCH is Mr. Fernald's story. The scene is an alley in Chinatown. A few itinerant hawkers pass and re-pass, and the learned doctor discusses the railway demon, the electric light demon, and the elevator demon with the gossips. In a corner of the scene a party of coolies are seen gambling. The pictorial indications of Chinese life are, however, meagre. Attention is concentrated upon the dramatic action, and "The Cat and the Cherub," as far as it goes, is unquestionably an engrossing little play. Turning to "The First Born," what do we find? The dramatic motive is the same, but still more meagre. The child is stolen, not by an opium-den keeper, but by its mother, who had eloped with a lover. The father attempts to rescue it, knife in hand, and in the scuffle which ensues the child is killed. Then the bereaved father vows vengeance against the man who has wrecked his home, and kills him as he passes his door by night by stabbing him in the back. At that juncture the policeman, as before, saunters up, whereupon the murderer props up his victim in the doorway, making him look like a living man, until the myrmidon of the law has turned the corner. No love interest here, but only paternal affection, coupled with the vengeance of a betrayed husband. On the other hand, the *ca-et-vient* of the Chinese quarter, though, for the most part, undramatic, is more vividly displayed. The learned doctor is a merely incidental personage; itinerant hawkers bawl their wares; a young courtesan—euphemistically styled a "bond-woman"—strolls about; a laundry, a shop, and a gambling-den are seen in operation; a party of American tourists pass; and the gossips discuss, in a gibberish supposed to be Chinese, the latest edict issued against their secret societies. In neither piece is the acting particularly effective, and, such as it is, it is conducted in a language which is almost painfully American.

How far are the salient features of these plays distinctively Chinese? The paternal interest is certainly so, and, as will be seen, it is common to both versions of Mr. Fernald's story. The contemplated purchase of a wife in "The Cat and the Cherub" may also be regarded as a piece of accurate observation; but side by side with this there is a love-passage (between the merchant's daughter and her *fiancé*) which may safely be put down as spurious—an episode intended for the delectation of the Anglo-Saxon palate. Equally dubious is the elopement treated of in "The First Born." It does not appear that conjugal fidelity is of much importance in a Chinese household, where by law a husband is entitled to establish as many concubines as he can put up with; and this is, doubtless, the main reason why the ordinary love interest of the European drama ending in

marriage strikes the Chinese mind as foolish or extravagant. The learned doctor of both pieces is a Chinese figure, as far as he goes; but there is no indication of that popular veneration for learning of which nearly every genuine Chinese play, even the most farcical, shows traces. As they stand, these two essentially "bogus" productions hardly justify the eagerness which their respective promoters have shown to place them before the English public.

J. F. N.

## THE WEEK.

MRS. MEYNELL'S expected anthology, *The Flower of the Mind*, comes to hand in cloth covers of delicate green and gold. The poems are arranged under the names of their writers, and Mrs. Meynell contributes an introduction and very full notes. The principle on which the collection has been made is explained by Mrs. Meynell in her Introduction, from which we quote one passage:

"Inasmuch as even the best of all poems are the best upon innumerable degrees, the size of most anthologies has gone far to decide what degrees are to be gathered in and what left without. The best might make a very small volume, and be indeed the best, or a very large volume, and be still indeed the best. But my labour has been to do somewhat differently—to gather nothing that did not surpass a certain boundary-line of genius. Gray's 'Elegy,' for instance, would rightly be placed at the head of everything below that mark. It is, in fact, so near to the work of genius as to be most directly, closely, and immediately rebuked by genius; it meets genius at close quarters, and almost deserves that Shakespeare himself should defeat it. Mediocrity said its own true word in the 'Elegy':

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

But greatness had said its own word also in a sonnet:

'The summer flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die.'

The reproof here is too sure; not always does it touch so quick, but it is not seldom manifest, and it makes exclusion a simple task."

MR. GRANT ALLEN the philosopher is momentarily more in evidence than Mr. Grant Allen the novelist. It has been known for some time that he was at work upon a serious and lengthy book dealing with the origins of religions. The volume now appears under the title of *The Evolution of the Idea of God*. It is very bulky, running to considerably over 400 pages; but it is to the credit of the publisher that its weight is less than the eye leads one to suspect. Mr. Grant explains in his Preface that his method is constructive, not destructive:

"Instead of setting out to argue away or demolish a deep-seated and ancestral element in our complex nature, this book merely posits for itself the psychological question, 'By what successive steps did men come to frame for themselves the conception of a Deity?'—or, if the reader so prefers it, 'How did we arrive at our knowledge of God?' It seeks provisionally to answer those profound and

important questions by reference to the earliest beliefs of savages, past or present, and to the testimony of historical documents and ancient monuments. It does not concern itself at all with the validity or invalidity of the ideas in themselves; it does but endeavour to show how inevitable they were, and how a man's relation with the external universe was certain *a priori* to beget them as of necessity."

IN Biography we have *Memorials of the Life and Writings of Solomon Caesar Malan, D.D.* Dr. Malan died a very few years ago, and his eminence as an Oriental scholar, his amazing linguistic attainments, and his general versatility (he was a clever artist) were warrant for this book, which is written by his eldest surviving son. Dipping into it casually, we note the following passage, in which some of Dr. Malan's tastes are lightly touched on:

"He never went to a theatre in all his life, nor to a ball. He never read a novel, nor cared for any book of common light literature. Magazines and reviews for the most part he eschewed, denominating them 'trash,' though he would occasionally peruse an article on some subject in which he was interested. He scanned the *Times* daily, and followed the summaries of Parliamentary debate sufficiently to master the general drift of political questions. He read the *Saturday Review* for some years, until he took offence at a certain article, after which he never looked at the paper again. He enjoyed the cartoons in *Judy* caricaturing the Liberal Government. He enjoyed a good ghost story, and professed to regard black cats as uncanny."

MR. EDMUND GOSSE contributes the volume on *Modern English Literature* to the series of "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," which he is editing for Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Gosse writes in his preface:

"The principal aim which I have had before me in writing this volume has been to show the movement of English literature. I have desired above all else to give the reader, whether familiar with the books mentioned or not, a feeling of the evolution of English literature in the primary sense of the term, the disentanglement of the skein, the slow and regular unwinding, down succeeding generations of the threads of literary expression."

MR. HENLEY'S expected anthology of *English Lyrics* arrives as we go to press, and is commented on in our Notes and News columns.

NEW works of fiction are catalogued and described elsewhere.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- CARMEL IN IRELAND. By Father Patrick of St. Joseph. Burns & Oates. 3s. 6d.  
HEBREAN AND HIS AGE. By Robert Skinner, D.D. Eyre & Spottiswoode.  
THE INTERNATIONAL CRITICAL COMMENTARY: A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLES TO THE EPHESIANS AND TO THE COLOSSIANS. By Rev. T. K. Abbott. T & T. Clark. 10s. 6d.  
THE CHURCH OF HISTORY AND OF EXPERIENCE. By Rev David W. Forrest, M.A. T & T. Clark. 10s. 6d.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- MEMOIRS OF THE CAMACS OF CO. DOWN. Edited by Frank Owen Fisher. Jarrold & Sons. 21s.
- MINUTES OF THE COMMITTEE FOR THE RELIEF OF PLUNDERED MINISTERS, AND OF THE TRUSTEES FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF MINISTERS: RELATING TO LANCAIRE AND CHEREIRE, 1643-60. Part II., 1650-60. Edited by W. A. Shaw, M.A. Printed for the Record Society. 1896.
- PLEADINGS AND DEPOSITIONS IN THE DUCHY COURT OF LANCASTER: TIME OF HENRY VIII. Edited by Lieut-Colonel Henry Fishwick, F.S.A. The Record Society.
- TWELVE INDIAN STATESMEN. By George Smith, O.I.E. John Murray. 10s. 6d.
- THE RETURN OF CHAOS. By Charles Need Salter. Kegan Paul. 6s.
- SOLOMON CEMAR MALAN, D.D.: MEMOIRALS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS. By Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A. John Murray. 18s.
- THE WOLFELEY SERIES: WITH THE ROYAL HEADQUARTERS IN 1870-71. By General J. von Verdy du Vernois. Edited by Capt. Walter H. James. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.
- COMMUNISM IN CENTRAL EUROPE IN THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION. By Karl Kantaky. Translated by J. L. and E. G. Milliken. T. Fisher Unwin.
- MEMOIRALS, JOURNAL, AND BOTANICAL CORRESPONDENCE OF CHARLES CARDALE BASTINGTON. Macmillan & Bowes. 10s. 6d.
- MEALS AND DECORATIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY. By John Horsley Mayo. 3 vols. Archibald Constable & Co. £3 3s.
- POPULAR COUNTY HISTORIES: A HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE. By Rev. Edward Conybeare. Elliot Stock. 7s. 6d.
- LONDON RIVERSIDE CHURCHES. By A. E. Daniell. Illustrated by A. Ansted. A. Constable & Co. 6s.
- FALKLANDS. By "T. L.," the author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." Longmans, Green & Co. 10s. 6d.
- TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. J. M. Dent & Co. Vol. IV.
- BURNS FROM HEAVEN. With some other Poems by Hamish Hendry. David Bryce & Son.

## POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

- HAWTHORNE'S FIRST DIARY. Edited by Samuel T. Pickard. Kegan Paul.
- PENCIL RHYMES AND POETRY. By George Ashmore Roberts. Digby, Long & Co. 1s. 6d.
- A MOORLAND BROOK, AND OTHER POEMS. By Evan T. Keene. Digby, Long & Co.
- A SHORT HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Edmund Gosse. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.
- LAST STUDIES. By Hubert Crackanthorpe. Wm. Heinemann.
- POEMS AND SONGS. By W. E. Brockbank. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
- THE POETRY OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited by Richard Garnett. Lawrence & Bullen.
- A TALE FROM BOCCACCIO. By Arthur Coles Armstrong. Archibald & Co. 5s.
- ROMANCE OF A ROSE: A DRAMA. By M. S. Digby, Long & Co. 5s.
- THE FIRST EDITION OF KEBLE'S "CHRISTIAN YEAR," BEING A FACSIMILE OF THE EDITIO PRINCIPIS. With a Preface by the Bishop of Rochester. Elliot Stock.
- THE MASTERS OF VICTORIAN LITERATURE, 1837-1897. By Richard D. Graham. James Thin (Edinburgh).
- THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR. By Edmund Spenser. Illustrated by Walter Crane. Harper & Brothers.
- VARIA. By Agnes Repplier. Gay & Bird.
- THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM SHAKESPEARE WROTE. By Charles Dudley Warner. Harper & Brothers.
- LAYS OF IONA, AND OTHER POEMS. By S. J. Stone, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.
- CATERY: A TRAGEDY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT. Billing & Sons.
- THE FLOWER OF THE MIND: A CHOICE AMONG THE BEST POEMS. Made by Alice Meynell. Grant Richards.
- TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE ESSAYS OF MICHAEL LORD OF MONTAIGNE. Vol. VI. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. 6d.

## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- THE ELEMENTS OF HYPNOTISM. By Ralph Harry Vincent. Kegan Paul. 5s.
- STUDIES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By Frank Podmore, M.A. 12s.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- WITH THE CONQUERING TURK: CONFESSIONS OF A BASHI-BASOUK. By G. W. Stevens. W. Blackwood & Sons. 10s. 6d.
- OLD SANGAI: OR, FLOTHAM AND JETNAM FROM THE PACIFIC. By Rev. John B. Stair. The Religious Tract Society. 6s.

STANFORD'S COMPENDIUM OF GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL: NORTH AMERICA: Vol. I., CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND. By S. E. Dawson. Edward Stanford. 15s.

IN JUTLAND WITH A CYCLE. By Charles Edwardes. Chapman & Hall.

## EDUCATIONAL.

HINTS TO TEACHERS OF THE CHOICE OF GEOGRAPHICAL BOOKS. By Hugh Robert Mill, D.Sc. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

EXTRAITS DE TRUCYDIDE: TEXTE REVU ET ANNOTÉ. Par Amédée Harvett. Librairie Ch. Delagrave (Paris).

THE ANCIENT USE OF GREEK ACCENTS IN READING AND CHANTING. By G. T. Cartuthers, M.A. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.

SCENES OF ENGLISH LIFE: LESSONS IN ENGLISH ON THE SERIES METHOD: CHILDREN'S LIFE. George Philip & Son. 1s.

## JUVENILE BOOKS.

NURSERY RHYMES: WITH PICTURES TO PAINT. Review of Reviews Office.

THE LADY OF HOLT DENE. By Emma Marshall. Griffith, Farran, Danish Fairy Tales and Legends. By Hans Christian Andersen. Bliss, Sands & Co. 2s. 6d.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE ROSE. By George Griffith. F. V. White & Co. Wild Kitty. By L. T. Meade. W. & R. Chambers. WONDERFUL TOOLS. By Edith Carrington. George Bell & Sons. AN OLD FIELD SCHOOL-GIRL. By Marion Harland. Sampson Low. WITH CROCKETT AND BOWIE; OR, FIGHTING FOR THE LONE-STAR FLAG: A TALE OF TEXAS. By Kirk Munroe. Blackie & Son. 5s. THE GOLDEN GALLEON. By Robert Leighton. Blackie & Son. 5s. ELMER'S MAGICIAN. By Fred Whishaw. W. & R. Chambers. 2s. 6d. THE KING'S STORY-BOOK. Edited by George Laurence Gomme. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s. THE DIAMOND FAIRY BOOK. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. Hutchinson & Co. THE COMPANIONS OF JESUS. The Sunday School Union. NEW TESTAMENT STORIES. By E. A. Macdonald. The Sunday School Union. THE VANISHED YACHT. By E. H. Buitrago. T. Nelson & Sons. 2s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

CONTINENTAL CHIT-CHAT. By Mabel Humbert. F. V. White & Co. THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE, 1897. Isbister & Co. 7s. 6d. GOOD WORDS, 1897. Isbister & Co. 7s. 6d. THE DIALECT AND PLACE NAMES OF SHERLAND: TWO POPULAR LECTURES. By Jakob Jakobsen. T. & J. Mansion (Lewick). AUSTRAL ENGLISH: A DICTIONARY OF AUSTRALIAN WORDS, PHRASES, AND USAGES. By Edward E. Morris. Macmillan & Co. 16s. CONSUMPTION: HOW TO AVOID IT, AND WEAK EYES. By B. Schwarzbach. Digby, Long & Co. THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS, AND STAG-HUNTING RECOLLECTIONS. By Lord Ribblesdale. Longmans, Green & Co. 25s. THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORT. Part IX. Lawrence & Bullen. 2s. THE GOSPEL OF HUMANITY: SELECTIONS FROM TOLSTOI. Ideal Publishing Union, Ltd. 1s.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Mrs. Browning's Letters." Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon.

This is the kind of book that receives long notices. With a word of praise or blame for the editor, the critics wax fat on extracts. Sometimes they are so eager to give extracts that they forget the editor. The *Scotsman*, for instance, forgets that Mr. Kenyon edited this volume with considerable trouble, considerable brain-wear. But it gives splendid extracts. The *Times* is more just:

"The editor, whose name itself is a guarantee that he is the right man for the work, has supplemented the letters with a slender thread of narrative, sufficient to make of these two volumes a thoroughly adequate biography. The selection of the letters and the interposed narrative are both done with excellent taste, and though at first sight one feels that each volume might with advantage have been shortened by fifty pages, in the case of anybody so interesting as Mrs. Browning it is, perhaps, a good fault to have too much material rather than too little."

The *Westminster Gazette* has a similar remark about the length of the book.

Regarding Mrs. Browning's letters, the *Times* distinguishes between early and feeble letters and her later and interesting ones. "At no period of her life can one call her a sound critic of either books or men." Yet the same critic quotes from one of her letters this "neat little antithesis"—Mrs. Browning is touching off Mme. Mohl:

"She is a clever, shrewd woman, but most eminently, and on all subjects, a woman; her passions having her thoughts inside them, instead of her thoughts her passions. That's the common distinction between women and men, is it not?"

The *Telegraph* thus distinguishes the character of the letters:

"The qualities of her genius are shown elsewhere than in this correspondence, for, unlike some of the greatest of letter-writers, she does not throw the whole strength of her intellectual power into her communications with her friends. But she paints her character with all the surety of unconscious delineation—a character sweet, pure, and lovable, as we always knew it to be full of ardent impulses, hasty, emotional, hating the mere semblance of a wrong or an injustice, true to her friends, and with the strongest possible faith in the nobility of the life she had marked out for herself."

And the *Scotsman* says:

"Mrs. Browning was an excellent letter-writer, frank, sincere, natural. There is not in these two volumes a line which seems to have been written for literary effect. At the same time, it may be said that, just perhaps because they are so unaffected, the letters rarely impress one as the productions of a woman of genius. They have no literary strut or poetic rapture in their style. . . . Mrs. Browning had a vigorous and independent mind, and her own mind is in all her letters. They have individuality, and therefore interest, even when they have, as most of them have, little or nothing to satisfy or to tickle curiosity."

This book receives the same kind of handling as Mrs. Browning's Letters. The *Standard* remarks that

the volume "contains few personal reminiscences—dissociated, that is, from the leading topics in which Dr. Pusey was interested." The *Pall Mall Gazette* regrets this:

"Had they been content to give us personal features of Dr. Pusey's life, to allow events and incidents to tell their own story, to indicate the development of Dr. Pusey's spirit and character, and to draw us at last within the circle of sorrowful mourners at his dying bed, we should have been touched with a lively sympathy, and we should have been readily able to associate ourselves with the affectionate reverence which drew for us the portrait. But the biography is a manifesto, and it is as such that we fear it will be read."

The *Athenaeum* says the volume is "inevitably less interesting than its predecessors," but it has praise for the editors, who, "if they have produced a rather colourless narrative, cannot be held accountable." Most of the critics dwell upon Canon Liddon's beautiful account of Pusey's last days—the only portion of the volume from his pen.



THE critics are a shade less "Lochinvar," kind to Mr. Crockett than S. R. Crockett. they used to be. *Lochinvar*, says the *Athenæum*, "is not Mr. Crockett's best work, but it is far better than some we have seen of late . . . Some writers would have made more of William of Orange, and many would have produced a better proportioned plot; but in places, notably the description of the island caves, we recognise the author at his best." The *Telegraph* considers that the story is "always bright and full of stir and movement," which is good praise; but the writer takes leave of Mr. Crockett coldly. "He writes pleasantly enough, but the tale has been more than twice told, and we begin to tire of the familiar air, even when played with variations."

The *Scotsman* is rather severe, and makes the following points.

"The book calls to mind Reade's 'Cloister and the Hearth,' for in each we have a young lover seeking over land and sea for his lost lady, and in each we have an honest soldier who, for friendship's sake, accompanies the youth and shares all his bold doings and hairbreadth escapes. But Jack Scarlett is not to be compared with the optimist in 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' Indeed, none of Mr. Crockett's chief characters win the reader's sympathy or interest. . . ."

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